

MISCELLANEOUS

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SKETCHES:

OR,

HINTS FOR ESSAYS.

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FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. K..

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TO

MY DAUGHTER,

M. T. B.

HAD these reflections been worthy her acceptance; or, had I not been afraid of asking her patronage to a medley of thoughts which she might thereby be construed to approve promiscuously, I would have petitioned for liberty to dedicate them to a lady * to whom you and I are under the greatest obligations, and whose conduct and that of her singularly excellent and uncommonly amiable family is a pattern for your imitation; some of these considerations prevented me, when I had relinquished the former idea as

* Mrs. N.

too presumptuous, from inscribing them to her under whose protection and fostering care you are daily rising and improving. You are too young to be conceived capable of approbation or disapprobation; there are some things among them which you will not understand—some which may improve you—none I hope which can do you any harm; but my chief reason for inscribing them to you is, that perfectly uninteresting as they must be to the world, to you they will be dear, as memorials of your father, and indications of the manner in which he amused his few hours of leisure and relaxation.

P R E F A C E.

THESE little Sketches might have been entitled, *Thoughts on a Journey*; most of them were the result of thoughts which occurred in a long and solitary journey into a remote and unfrequented quarter of Ireland, where conversation was not to be expected and the mind was left to itself,—put together as evening amusements in melancholy inns, by a man involved when at home, in such extreme hurry and business of various kinds, as does not leave him time for reflection or attention to the studies he peculiarly loves. Every thinking man who has travelled alone will (I believe) find on reflection that he never has been upon any other occasion in such perfect retirement, or seen the world so much at a distance; he therefore never can have a better chance of being freed from those etiquettes of opinion, and those formulæ of thinking which reduce the world in general to one uniform model of sentiment—as of dress, and enslave them to certain

certain fashionable leaders who possibly may be the most absurd of mankind. Whether, however, there be any thing new in the present thoughts, and whether they have not been anticipated in the innumerable host of essays already published, men of more leisure for reading will better judge;—to the author they certainly were new, and as much his property as the new discovered island to the fresh voyager, ignorant whether it has had former proprietors and not very certain that it has any intrinsic value: perhaps they may amuse some weary traveller like himself; at all events his disappointment cannot be great,—able to bear the expence of publication and little anxious for fame, never was a writer more careless about his literary offspring.

In truth they can scarcely be said to be *published*—they were only *printed*; better to preserve a number of fugitive pieces for the amusement of the writer's own family and immediate friends.

About one thing he is anxious,—the seeming affectation in them of displaying a knowledge of languages not universally known; he pleads a great passion for that kind of study, his principal relaxation in a very laborious course of life, and the natural propensity of every man's favourite amusement to protrude itself; but does not pretend to more than a trifling acquaintance with those languages, whatever his hopes may be, should Providence grant him life.

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ON

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

THE utility of Academical Education, has not only been doubted, but in fact denied, by some learned Sceptics of modern times. Smith in his *Wealth of Nations*; Rousseau in his *Emile*; Gibbon in his *Memoirs*: among writers of inferior note, Vicesimus Knox in his *Essays*, and a thousand different authors, assail the ancient towers of the University, and strive to apply the axe to the groves of *Academos*. Though conscious of early reverence for those sacred mansions, which some may call habitual prejudice, I will endeavour to meet the attack with candour and deliberation.

The accusations of Mr. Gibbon, (which evidently from the proofs adduced to support them ought to be referred

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only to his individual tutor,) are by him most unfairly applied to the general tenor of education at Oxford. The system of that University is undoubtedly faulty, so far as it leaves the progress of the pupil to the uncontrolled discretion of a tutor, who may be learned or ignorant, idle or industrious. The studies and the diligence of youth ought to feel the superintending hand, and stimulating urgency of the whole College or University, acting with its entire force and governing authority. This is perceived in the University with which I am best acquainted*, whose sons must advance or leave the field, though the particular tutor may be torpid or incapable. But on the other hand, the able and active tutor in the English University can consult the genius of his pupil, regulate his studies at discretion, accelerate his force and promote his progress unretarded by the hebetude of class-fellows, and unshackled by the chains of uniform system, to which in many places all dispositions in Procrustean model, are obliged alike to bend †. Who will deny that numerous

* Dublin.

† Thus in Dublin every boy is obliged to turn his attention to mathematics and physics, though his bent may be entirely to classical learning, and in the latter branch all the students read the same books; While at Oxford the tutor is at liberty to direct the attention of the pupil to those studies which are suited to his genius and inclination, and to make him read what books he pleases.

merous instances occur at Oxford, of tutors, sensible of these aids, and communicating to the objects of their care proportionate advantages. To many I could bear testimony, tho' unconnected with that celebrated seminary; who could not? The present revered Primate of Ireland formerly afforded a memorable instance, and Mr. Fox may refute the stigma which Mr. Gibbon endeavoured to infix. If the latter's tutor violated his trust, the pupil might lament his misfortune and upbraid the defect; but was it fair or liberal to whisper imputation on the general body.

The artillery of Mr. Smith is more powerful, and possessed of a wider range. If I comprehend his objections rightly (for though I have no doubt that he meant to aim at the subversion of all academical institutions whatsoever, and to discourage all public provision for education except of the poor, yet his ideas appear cloathed in studied obscurity) those objections may be reduced to the following topics:

Again, in Dublin every candidate for a fellowship is obliged to be deeply versed in mathematics and natural philosophy, while the examination in languages is trifling. Would it not have been much more sensible to have had distinct mathematical and classical fellowships, according to the turn and disposition of men, and would they not probably be better masters of each?

First, That public salaries or foundations tend to make teachers idle*.

Secondly, That a power vested in the heads of colleges to appoint tutors, augments the same effect.

Thirdly, That pupils should be lectured, not examined.

Fourthly, That modern improvements are not adopted.

Fifthly, That these seminaries are not proper preparatives for the world and its affairs.

It will immediately occur that several of these objections are opposed not to the existence, but to the practice of Universities, and that their practice is often faulty or deficient, it is not incumbent on me (in defending their possible inherent utility) to deny. In the University known to me, both lectures and examinations are best adopted, and the utility of the latter, in trying and promoting the progress of youth, fully proved by experience. In the same seminary tutors are not appointed by its governor, and the pupillary income of every teacher depends on his character and reputation; his second and third objections therefore, if real, and not founded in the prejudices of his own country, are not generally applicable, and were even particularly suggested to his mind, by their non-existence in Scotland.

With respect to the first, the same objections which have been made to a dependent clergy, might hold to
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* Wealth of Nations, b. 5. ch. 1.

a dependent philosophy, obliged perhaps to consult taste more than truth, and fashion than solidity; and even innovating France* has allowed that public salaries promote the instruction of the poor, who would not be able to afford remuneration; but in fact, the instances are very rare where such foundations exist, as are supposed by Mr. Smith, or where the supports of learning are so great as to enable the academic to get more than the ordinary comforts of life, without having recourse to publication or tuition. There are men undoubtedly who will be content to eat their imparted commons, and enjoy their gratuitous couch, unpossessed of money, friends and fame, without further exertion or ambition. But in general, human nature is too strongly prompted by the desire of something beyond the gratification of hunger and sleep, and by the emulation of superior comforts seen around, not to reject such apathy. In many seminaries emoluments are obtained by great and dreadful labour, and when considerable, (which is seldom) not till after a lapse of fifteen or sixteen years†, a space beyond the ordinary chance of human life, and may be considered as a few extraordinary rewards held forth for the encouragement of general genius or universal industry, and therefore not thrown away, though in

* See the report of La Marque.

† This is the case in the University of Dublin.

some particular unfortunate instances, they may happen to be bestowed on unworthy subjects.

I wish I could as fully answer the two last observations. Modern augmentations of science are not sufficiently kept pace with; and I have smiled to hear a boy answer, that Saturn has five Satellites, when his interrogator confined to Keil's Astronomy, knew well that Herschell's Discoveries had added two more. That Colleges are not sufficiently rendered just preparatives for the business of life, I also am willing to admit, and I have often blushed to see the adept in the beauties of Homer, and metaphysics of Locke, perhaps a man well acquainted too with the principles of geometry, or even the theories of Newton, yet unable to adjust a telescope, to survey a field, or make an observation, in the presence of a common feller of instruments; a common sailor or common mechanic laughing at his ignorance, and asking of what use are Colleges. I really have known an excellent scholar awkwardly and vainly endeavouring to settle a telescope for a company of ladies; and a scientific lawyer exposed on a trial of boundaries, by a paltry surveyor; not to add, that sometimes a good Greek and Latin scholar shall not be able to write a page of tolerable English; nor should it be forgotten, that the attention of modern times has been much turned to studies formerly little cultivated, and still
not

not usually made part of any necessary, or at least under graduate course, as Electricity, Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy. I therefore would wish to further the views of Mr. Smith, by adding somewhat more of practice to theory, and by supplying some of those accomplishments, whose attainment has brought private academies so much into vogue, as well as by varying a little more, the students pursuits, according to his taste, his talents, his rank, and intended occupation *.

Yet I must repeat, these are desiderata not in the original institution, but in the practice of Colleges, and should vanish in comparison with their advantages, some of which shall be hereafter enumerated. I cannot leave the treatise on the Wealth of Nations, without noticing two most extraordinary positions: the first that force and restraint are scarcely necessary after the age of twelve or thirteen; the other, that Universities are falling into discredit. For the falsity of the former I will only appeal to common sense and experience—of the latter to their books of admission.

* But I would not with the peevish acerbity and false exaggeration of Mr. Smith, say as he does,—Were there no public institutions for education, a gentleman after going through with application and abilities the most complete course of education, which the circumstances of the times were supposed to afford, could not come into the world completely ignorant of every thing which is the common subject of conversation among gentlemen.

Amongst

Amongst all the assailants of Collegiate institutions, Viceſimus Knox appears moſt uncandid. The ancient ſcholastic diſputations have in progreſs of time fallen into diſgrace—almost into contempt; but being ſtill required by the ſtatutes of the Universities, are preſerved in form, becauſe their acting rulers have not authority to diſpenſe with them, and the power of Parliament has not thought fit to interfere with the will of the founder.

But would not a ſtranger imagine, from the declamations of Mr. Knox, that theſe were the only exerciſes there known? would he know that they are held in as little eſtimation there as by Mr. Knox, and form ſo ſmall a part of College duty as to be ſcarcely heeded among a multitude of uſeful and neceſſary offices.

Let us turn then from ſuch uncandid and partial reflections to view the obvious advantages reſulting from this ſpecies of public education—to conſider the private inſtruction from the tutor, and the public lecture by the profeſſor—the advantage of rare and curious libraries with acceſs to coſtly books and manuſcripts not attainable by a private purſe—the uſe of obſervatories and philoſophical apparatus—the benefit of ſcientific converſation—the eaſy acceſs to learned men, aſſembled in one place, who would otherwiſe be diſperſed about the world

world without any pretence or claim in youth to have any recourse to them for knowledge, and the considerable addition to the sum of learning in the world in the knowledge of the preceptors themselves, taken in the aggregate however idle some of them may be, together with the observation of Mr. Smith, that if the parts of education taught in Universities are not always well taught there, without them they would not have been taught at all,

But the truth is, though these are obvious advantages, there are others not so immediately apparent, which the adversaries, who perhaps have disputed or denied some of the former, seem to me totally to have overlooked. They are indeed some of the greatest benefits of College education, but being quietly and insensibly attained, do therefore grow without noise, and ripen without observation—I mean habits of study—regular division of time—habits of discipline and obedience—of early rising—of early retirement in the evening—diligence—labour—virtuous emulation, and such like. Is there no advantage in being obliged to read at stated hours, and to give an account of what has been read? The greater part of youth with whatever good intentions and resolutions, would for ever procrastinate the hour of study to the imaginary but never arriving determination of the day of pleasure. The

collegiate student knows that at a stated hour he will be called upon * to demonstrate his progress, and must therefore have some stated hours of preparation. Fixed hours will scarcely be allotted, or time regularly divided by the undirected boy. In Colleges the division is made for him, and enforced by necessity. The excessive indulgence of domestic affection is here corrected by wholesome discipline and statutable power, preparing the disciple to become a member of larger communities, and accustoming him to that attention to just and legal authority, which on a larger scale, will hereafter be due from him to the state. The advantage of early rising, a custom which, if adopted by the boy, seldom deserts the man, is too plain to be dwelt upon. But the utility of being secluded at an early hour of night from the world of pleasure and of vice is still superior; nor let it be objected that the practice does not equal my theory; very often it does, but if it does not, be it remembered that I am not defending the relaxation of College discipline, but supporting the original design and plan of those seminaries, whose discipline I should wish to see reinstated in its full energy. Nor let it be forgotten, that a great portion of the world complains of its severity, and perhaps one great cause of the evil is, the eternal murmur of the

* I speak for the University of Dublin, which I best know; I am sure it is the case in many others.

fond father or foolish mother, that their offspring are forbidden from the full range of modern dissipation, and cruelly compelled to retire before a late hour of the night.

Did I not fear it might appear too trivial an observation, I should discover an advantage derivable even from the simplicity and uniformity of College commons, abstracting the youth from the luxury of his domestic board, and beyond the bounds of cleanliness teaching him indifference about diet. The disgraceful attention to appetite among our younger gentry, unknown and despised in the better ages of Greece and Rome, forms a shameful though minuter characteristic of the present age, and might be usefully controlled by the early practice of temperance, considered as part of education. All neglect of neatness in College servants should be strictly and severely punished; but the complaints of juvenile pampered delicacy, imbrued in luxury and indulgence, systematically disregarded.

In this brief sketch, to which innumerable additions might be made, by more prolix and less occupied essayists, let me include the advantage of being taught to read; let not the reader stare, I mean not the mechanical act of reading, but the skill to read with utility and effect. The

youth whose avidity for information or rather for entertainment, has hurried him before his College æra, through a numerous series of books, will find, when he recollects their slight impression, and compares it with the solid adherence of subsequent studies, that reading is an art, and an art taught him by scholastic system; when he is obliged to weigh every period—to consider its purport—its tendency—its real meaning—with previous consciousness of obligation to render an analysis of it, he will confess the utility of habits thus acquired, which without such aid, not ten men in ten thousand would spontaneously acquire.

If we add to all these benefits, the mass of real and solid learning, usually included in academical courses*, (whatever desiderata may be omitted) it were to be hoped that even the most prejudiced of modern reformers would view Universities with a more favourable eye. But if they are determined upon novelties, let their invidious reflections be maturely considered by the dispassionate as floating in that general tide, which rolls against every thing that we have been accustomed to consider sacred or venerable, and let us not imagine that every thing must be wrong which our ancestors approved, and that nothing can be right which has ever been before.

* I think this will not be denied.—For more of Colleges, see the Appendix.

ON THE
DISTINCTION BETWEEN
FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

THE following discussion is one of that kind which must be considered useful to all writers who wish to consult precision in style. The celebrated Blair has observed in his Lectures, that the great sources of a loose style, in opposition to precision, is the injudicious use of those words termed synonymous. Synonimes he says are so called, because they agree in expressing one principal idea, but for the most part if not always, with some diversity of circumstance. He observes, that hardly in any language are there two words that convey the same idea, and a person thoroughly conversant in the propriety of the language, will always be able to discern something that distinguishes them. There are, continues he, in our language, very many instances of a difference in meaning between words termed synonymous, and he delivers it as his opinion, that the pointing them out is a subject of importance.

One of these instances, and a remarkable one is here selected, and justified by his judgment as to the importance of such disquisitions; permit me to say this is peculiarly necessary, because no two words were ever more vaguely, promiscuously and indiscriminately used even by the best writers. The lovers of propriety in language will favour me in scrutinizing the shades of meaning which distinguish them in their proper use in ours. Even in the judgment of Mr. Locke, ideas may not be arbitrarily affixed to words, where propriety has fixed a standard, and here I think it has.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay on the Human Understanding, observes that propriety is not a sufficient remedy for the imperfections of language by him enumerated; common use however, says he, which is the rule of propriety, regulates the meaning of words pretty well, for the purposes of common conversation, though not of philosophical discourse. Yet for the purposes of common conversation, I fear he admits too much: It is a fact lamentable to observe, how often it fails even in this respect—and how often this failure is owing to the extreme carelessness of writers (even the most eminent) in the adoption and application of ambiguous terms.

By propriety I understand the using a word in a sense peculiar to itself, and distinct from that attributed or annexed

nexed to any other, and which sense is to be conformable to that supposed to be annexed to it by the generality of mankind. Without doubt a man has a power (though I cannot call it a right) to annex what meaning he pleases to his own words, nor can any man certainly know what idea the word used by another stands for in his mind. But propriety endeavours to do all that can be done—to collect from experience what sense we have reason to suppose has been generally annexed by the world to a given word—to limit and confine the word to that meaning, and the meaning to that word, not only to shew that the same word has not had two meanings, but to shew that different terms have not the same. And here I fear the careful observer will find more deviations from this standard, more giddy speaking and careless composition flowing from the most eloquent tongues and celebrated pens than has been generally supposed.

I was led to these reflections by remarking how vaguely, promiscuously and indistinctly the terms mentioned in the title of this essay, Fancy and Imagination, have been applied—are there two ideas signified by these two words, or is there but one? do they both stand precisely for the same thing, or are there two certain powers in the mind deserving distinct names, and marked by distinct words; if they are perfectly synonymous this essay is very idle; if
not,

not, it is worth our while to examine how propriety would distinguish them. I think they are not, I think every man must feel that he and the world in general mean by fancy something different from what is meant by imagination; but where a man shall find this difference accurately drawn I do not know—I know not to what author, or what authority he is to have recourse, as all authors seem to me to have used them without discrimination.

If an accurate linguist wanted to ascertain this difference, it might be natural for him to refer to the celebrated work of the great corrector of our language, the learned Dr. Johnson, and there he will find (to his no small surprise probably) the word fancy defined by imagination—and *vice versa* the term imagination interpreted by the word fancy. If this lexicon in all other parts resembled this instance of alternate reverberation of the inquisitive mind, I apprehend its utility would not be very considerable*. In his life of Cowley, he has used

* I do not mean that he has not given other meanings of the word *Fancy*, but that he has given none contradistinguishing it from *Imagination*; for instance, he takes notice, that fancy sometimes means *whim*, *caprice*, but such explanations have no relation to my present purpose, and do not at all contradict my position, that he has not distinguished between fancy and imagination as active powers, fraught with beauty, and conveying delight; between the fancy of the poet, and the imagination of the orator. Between fancy and imagination in that sense, in which they are usually versed in the mouths of men.

FANCY AND IMAGINATION. 17

the terms indiscriminately, in the same period, in twenty instances.

Mr. Locke has explained fancy to be the power of having those ideas which we have present occasion for, ready at hand on all occasions, a definition much more applicable to genius, or good memory, and which he has indeed equally annexed to the words invention or quickness of parts.

The pen of Mr. Addison was directly employed in tracing the pleasures of imagination; but when we find he means the pleasure arising from the contemplation of the sublime and beautiful works of nature and art—of the symmetry of an edifice, or grandeur of the ocean—is it not apparent that he means only the pleasures of conception—those pleasures directly and immediately conveyed by the contemplation of sensible objects and their impression on the senses, to the mind which in such case is neither active nor reflecting; but does any man in common parlance, mean by imagination, passive conception, or by its delights sensitive pleasure; is it not an active power? and was it not an abuse of words in Mr. Addison to confound it with bare perception.

The immortal Shakespeare who abounded in both, ap-

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pears to me not always to discriminate these powers ; for instance when he says in that prologue of infinite fire—

And as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unseen.—

It appears obvious I think, that the word fancy might here be substituted without affecting the sense, or hurting any thing but the measure ; and indeed, according to what I believe the general sense of mankind, it would be the more proper word.

The confusion however happens more frequently in prose writings, for the poets in their addresses to fancy, do often characterize her as a power which transports the mind into delightful suppositious scenes from the languor or melancholy of real existence, a character which I propose to shew is not applicable to imagination strictly so called ; but this very observation confirms my position, that in general the terms are commixed and confused, because in careless parlance imagination would be said to have the same effect, and a periodical writer often says in his dream or his vision, I *imagined* myself in such or such a place, nay I am convinced most of those who hear me unless reminded of the inaccuracy, would think it a matter of indifference, which term they used in such a case, which is the strongest mark possible of the alledged want of distinction between them. Even Akenside who has
written

written expressly on the pleasures of imagination, seems to me to make no distinction. He writes on the pleasures of imagination, and his invocation is to fancy—

Thou smiling queen of every tuneful breast

Indulgent Fancy.

He uses one word or the other as best suits his verse. To express that the primary pleasures of imagination arise from greatness, wonderfulness, or beauty in objects, he says these are the three which inflame the power of fancy.

Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms

With love and admiration thus inflame

The power of fancy.

Where shall we look for accurate distinction if not found in a work expressly on the subject?

Notwithstanding this inaccuracy and confusion, I apprehend, as I have said before, that there is a real distinction between the terms here treated of in the minds of most men. If it has been thought worth the labour to endeavour to ascertain the limits between wit and humour and many other boundaries of a similar nature, why should it be thought idle to inquire into the distinction at present before us? We cannot, as has been observed, positively say, *a priori*, what ideas are in the minds of

others, annexed to these words ; but from the persons and subjects to which they are applied in common discourse, we may form conjectures approaching nearly to certainty, and may afterwards submit to mankind whether we are not right ; not that the question is merely about words or synonimes, the question is of much more importance, viz. whether there are not two distinct powers in the human mind called Fancy and Imagination : the observation how words are applied, is only an auxiliary to solve this inquiry.

It cannot escape observation then that these qualities or powers are often ascribed to and made ingredients in our praises of different orders and descriptions of persons. Fine Fancy is more properly the praise of the poet, brilliant Imagination of the orator. To say of a senator, he has a charming Fancy, would surely sound oddly, and be a mode of commendation not very usual. Splendid imagery infinitely varied, constitutes the most ornamental part of rhetoric, and therefore we speak of the imagination of its professors. The poet too is said to have imagination, but surely we much oftener hear of his fancy. The lady who invents a beautiful pattern is said to display her fancy in the invention, which is not commonly called a work of the imagination. Insanity, while it destroys reason, often improves fancy in the most astonishing

nishing manner (since mad persons have been known to plan and execute the most beautiful and ingenious works) but madness was never said to improve the Imagination. The artist, the mechanic, the inventor of an urn, a tripod, an ewer of new and beautiful form, discover Fancy in its inferior degrees, but we should never say they were men of fine Imagination. We bow in admiration of the fine Imagination of Mr. Burke, but we should stare to hear of the fine Imagination of Mr. Wedgwood. The shape of the Tuscan Vase—the flowing drapery and elegant attitude of the figures which adorn its sides are said to be beautifully fancied. The metaphor, the allusion, the simile which flow from the lips of eloquence, to be well-imagined.

From these data then I think I have reason to conclude that Fancy in the general meaning of mankind is a creative power, which is versed about things created by itself; whereas Imagination is employed only in discovering similitudes and relations not obvious, *among things existing*. The one forms subjects, the other discovers relations between subjects formed. The one *makes* mixed modes, or supposed substances; the other *developes* relations: no two things can be more different: the subjects whose relations Imagination portrays and developes exist already and are not created by the mind, like the works of Fancy. Similes

les and comparisons are made between objects existing in nature—For example, the hero when compared to the lion, or the sheet of spears to the waving ears of corn; the mist on a long range of hills to the army in array, or the mourning fair to the melancholy nightingale, the comparison is invented, the subjects are prepared by nature, but fancy forms the character, it generates the scene, it models the group out of its native clay, and leaves to imagination the minuter office of analyzing, comparing or illustrating the beauties of mental creation, when it is satiated with those of corporeal nature.

Milton, confirms my idea of fancy, when he says,

Than fancy ever form'd, or fear conceiv'd.

And *Rowe*,

Or youthful poets fancy, when they love.

And *Pope*,

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind.

In the first of these instances are formed figures of monsters, in the latter visions of beauty existing in the mind only. Fancy may create beings, characters, scenes, situations or events. The characters of Armida or Orlando being formed, the situations in which they are placed—the events which betide them,—the scenes with

with which they are furrounded, are subsequently fancied. It is a nobler range of the flights of the soul; a puiſne wit may hit upon a good ſimile, but the enchanted foreſt, the illuminated hell, the ſweets of paradise, are reſerved for the genius and painting of Taſſo or of Milton.

It may be objected that imagination, in my ſenſe of it, is not diſtinguiſhed from wit as defined by Mr. Locke and others. But it muſt be remembered, that wit includes not merely latent ſimilitude, not only ſimilitude attended with brilliancy, but attended with pleaſantry alſo. The likenefs muſt only be latent and not immediately diſcoverable, but it muſt divert as well as ſurpriſe; whereas luſtre is ſolely required from fine imagination, to ornament likenefs, and envelop imagery.

It may here be noticed, that the diſtinction premiſed ſeems to be much more accurately obſerved on the part of one of theſe words than of the other.—Fancy is ſeldom made by the ſpeaker however negligent, to intrude into the province of imagination. Thus, I have obſerved, the imagery of eloquence is ſcarcely praiſed under the name of fancy, but imagination is ſometimes ſubſtituted for its ſiſter power. Thus, Falſtaff's character is ſometimes ſaid to be well imagined. This, however,

however, I conceive to be impropriety of speech, and one of those deviations from a general rule, which no *Jus aut Norma loquendi* will ever prevent, and which at the same time is a fresh instance how these terms are confounded, since Falstaff's character is also said to be well fancied.

I have observed, that fancy is more peculiarly the province of the poet than of the orator, but I cannot thereby be understood to mean that it is excluded from eloquence, any more than imagination from poetry. Similes and allusions abound with the poet, and personification which is properly the child of fancy according to my idea annexed to that term, is often a beauty equally courted by the Muses and the goddesses of eloquence. The speaker of exuberant imagination will often stray widely into the regions of fancy, and taste would grieve too see his flights restrained. The illustrious author of a celebrated Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, if he ever shoots madly from his sphere, surprises by his brilliancy, and dazzles with his lustre. When Tully, on wings less venturous, and perhaps less strong, describes the enchantment which the beauty of wisdom would produce, could she in form and figure be made the object of the senses, we do not say he deviates too far from the path of rhetoric. These are
occasional

occasional excursions into neighbouring districts, while each still recognizes his own proper territory. They are corresponding tracts of adjacent regions, whose internal soil however is different. They are a few alternating branches of rich ore, while the masses of the mines still remain distinct, each in his own distinctive bed.

These qualities or powers, though as distinct from each other as plastic power from the power of discernment—as formation from far or quick sight—may be found in the same person combined*. There is no opposition between them; yet one or other will generally predominate. The fancy of one person also will be more abundant than that of another, though very often less correct. The fancy of Milton and Tasso are, in my opinion, more exuberant than that of Homer or Virgil. In the *Iliad*, there is little room for fancy;—in the voyage of Ulysses in the *Odyssæy*, it has great scope. The story of Circe,—the Enchanted Palace of Armida,—The Metamorphosis of the Ships of *Æneas*,—The Transformation of the Devils in *Pandæmonium*, are instances of Fancy, and the two last indeed of wretched fancy. The Fancy of Homer, if less copious, is more correct than that of his modern copyists. If any man wish further

* Much more often than wit and judgment.

to apprehend my idea of fancy, let him enter the Shakespeare Gallery in London; what variety of forms, what infinity of sketches has the pencil of Fuseli there depicted from the visions of Shakespeare's immortal brain, which Cicero or Demosthenes, whose power of imagination none will deny, perhaps could not have conceived in the remotest degree.

A confusion arises from the words image and imaginary. The being which fancy forms is called imaginary. We hear often of the images of fancy, in like manner the figure of rhetoric is an image. Hence both are frequently referred to imagination. The first should be called a fancied being †.

Of all the periodical writers, the author of a paper in the World, alone seems to me, to have caught my idea of fancy. He says, *concealment* is the food of fancy; it is; because fancy is a creative power, and therefore delights to work in scenes unfinished to the corporeal eye. Hence the additional charms which beauty derives from being

† It may be said perhaps after all, that though fancy is often confounded with imagination, and used as synonymous; yet it is always distinguished from it, when the distinction is necessary. This I deny, I have shewn important instances to the contrary. Where more necessary than in a dictionary, yet Johnson has never contradistinguished them.

cloathed, and cloathed in easy floating drapery.. Hence the enchantment which the youthful mind annexes to distant scenes and antient times.

I would rather wish however to express my ideas, by saying, that *indistinctness* not *concealment*, is the food of fancy. The pictures of Tempe, or of Arcadia are not absolutely concealed from, but they are very indistinct in the mind of him who never travelled into Greece. The warmth of his fancy, enables him to fill the outline with tints of infinite variety, and to dress the celestial landscape of his brain, in charms perhaps unknown to corporeal nature, and unalloyed by actual observation of intermixed deformities.

Mrs. Piozzi in her *Synonimes*, has noted these airy words as she calls them; she says they are not wholly synonymous; I hope not, for if they are, as I have before said, this essay is a very idle one; but what reason does she give? Because fancy is feminine and imagination masculine, an observation I believe rather whimsical than generally true. But she proceeds to say, in poetry there is little distinction*, but in conversation, we say Milton has

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displayed

* Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Milton* says, "Fancy can hardly forbear
" to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of
" his

displayed a boundless imagination in his *Paradise Lost*, while he describes the journey of Satan; and that Pope's *Rape of the Lock* is a work of exquisite fancy, almost emulative of Shakespeare's creative powers. I confess this distinction is not consonant to my experience: I cannot perceive any reason for it, nor has she deigned to give one. I think I have as good a right to and should occasion as little surprise by talking of Milton's fancy as of Pope's in creating situations, events, characters and supernatural beings. Both of them imitate Shakespeare's sportive creations. Each of them enchants by fancy's magic powers.

This leads me to the account which Duff in his *Essay on Genius* gives of the four species of Invention; invention of characters, of incidents, of imagery, and of sentiments. It tends to illustrate my meaning; the two former, under which he must mean, I suppose, to comprehend the invention of scenes and situations, are the work of fancy; the third of imagination; the last of sensibility, of moral sense, of the heart. The invention

"his work." Here he agrees with me in my idea of fancy; here indistinctness is the food of fancy; we know not how he surveyed it, or have a very confused idea of its effect on him, and therefore fancy has full room to feign his looks, his words, his actions, his thoughts on that occasion.

of

of imagery seems to me as distinct from the workings of fancy, as the invention of sentiments.

These reflections might lead to others not necessarily connected with the present subject, yet amusing in their consideration : whether fancy is capable of improvement, how far it is connected with taste, and whether it may not exist without genius : they are not necessarily included in my subject, nor will I attempt a full discussion of them ; yet permit me to offer a few hints which perhaps may be useful to other enquirers.

As to the first question, according to my system, in one sense it may be capable of improvement, in another not. All intellectual capacities, like all bodily powers, are improvable by habit and exercise, and I have no doubt that this faculty, however implanted by nature, is capable of deriving vigour from use. But I do not believe it to be like imagination, improvable by art, and here again appears a manifest difference between these two powers ; imagination may be aided by reading, by study, by cultivation of the Belles Lettres, by pulling flowers from poetic beds, by internal meditation, and the operation of enthusiasm upon thought. But fancy is innate, it is born with the professor, it is part of the original constitution, improvable like all other parts of it

by

by exercise, but incapable of receiving invigoration from external aids, unless, perhaps in one sense it possibly may, by viewing the works of kindred souls.

Taste also is the gift of Nature; of kindred birth and virtue it entwines itself with fancy; I can scarcely conceive true taste to exist without fancy, though cold criticism may; but frigid correctness will for ever be an imperfect judge of the vivid sallies of this playful power, will be inclined to check and punish that youthful ardour which merits encouragement and reward, and to clip those wings, which though sometimes fluttering or tired, carry to heights far beyond its visual ray. Such, in my opinion, for example, does the taste of Dr. Johnson (who notwithstanding his borrowed Oriental Tales and Apologues, has, I think, little fancy) display itself, when applied to the rapturous soarings of many of our English bards.

But though perfect and universal taste cannot exist without fancy, the converted proposition is not true. Perverted and extravagant fancy, may drop the acquaintance of this natural relation, and bid a long adieu to the regions of taste; in another respect she may shew her inferiority; she is capable of corruption and pollution; of being the active agent of vice, and inventive depravity,

depravity, leading to boundless desires, to destruction and the grave; while exquisite taste can never tread but in the paths of elegance, of honour and of Heaven, and the fertile invention of imagery, (here again distinguished from fancy's busy workings,) though it may oppose itself to true taste can never lead to wickedness and folly. What generations of misery may possibly have been occasioned by the wicked fancy of Aretin and his coadjutor Julio Romano, while neither of them, for aught we know, might be capable of making one happy simile or apt allusion, nor can the painter possibly prove imagination by his works in the sense I have annexed to it, while fancy is one of his happiest possessions.

Another distinction between taste and fancy is, that the former dwells on nothing but sweets, and turns its eye from the deformed and the disagreeable, while descriptive fancy may chuse the *inferno* for its subject, may please the vigorous mind with the sublimities of terror, or torment infirmity with visions of the horrible.

The last question, whether fancy may exist without being the concomitant of genius, leads me naturally to wish, that the word genius had been more strictly defined, and to lament another instance of negligence or impropriety of speech in the use of this term also. From

Locke

Locke down to Miss Hannah More, what an infinity of writers have talked of genius; with what indistinctness! with what confusion! Genius Mr. Locke seems to make to consist in the ready recalling of ideas, as occasion requires*; why that is memory! which may or may not be an attendant of genius, as is proved by every day's experience but no more contributes to it than does swiftness of foot. In another place he seems to make it quickness in argument, without adding the confirmation of solid reasoning; yet I have known men who could dispute without end with much quickness but little genius. The verbiage of Miss More conveys to me few distinct or accurately contoured ideas; the effects of genius she describes, and decks it with many pretty epithets and general encomiums; but I recollect only one definition of genius by her; *it is, says she, the power of invention and imitation*, leaving out entirely one great ingredient of genius which is judgment and discrimination. The express writers on the subject, such as Duff and others, seem to me to have passed unnoticed, the various species of genius which distinguish different men, and Dr. Johnson who in his life of Pope enumerates the qualities, which,

* His words are, It is the business of the memory to furnish to the mind those dormant ideas which it has present occasion for; in the having them ready at hand upon all occasions, consists that which we call *Invention, Fancy and Quickness* of parts.

in his opinion, constitute genius, *invention*, *imagination* and *judgment*, though remarkable for the felicity and pithiness of his definitions, no where forms, as I recollect, these parts into one general connected, accurate explanation of the term, except in the Life of Cowley, where to confirm my assertion of the indefinite meaning of this word, he gives this unaccountable definition of it: genius is a particular designation of mind, a propensity for some certain science and employment. Propensity then to the employment of a shoemaker, or the propensity of almost every boy to become a soldier, would constitute genius.

One special reason makes it worth the pains of a master, to ascertain accurately the meaning of the word, which is that ignorance of its essence makes many a man suppose himself possessed of it, and conceive that this possession annuls the necessity of industry; fatal mistake, and happily exposed in his Essays by Sir Joshua Reynolds, since of nothing nothing can be made, and genius cannot work without something to work on. Freed from this error mankind, would be taught modesty, would feel that the understandings of men are much more on a par than is generally imagined*, and that the superiority entitled genius is the

* The difference of natural talents in different men is much less than we are aware of, says Adam Smith. book 1. ch. 2. Wealth of Nat.

gift of very few in the course of a century. How rare is that superiority which enables the possessor to see all the different lights and relations which a given subject will bear, and to select those applicable to his present purpose. Perhaps genius, may be said to consist, in the quick perception of relations, and the nice discrimination of diversities. The general who foresees all the possible cases that can happen; the orator who perceives as by instinct, every thing that can be said for or against him; the poet who discerns every similitude and allusion however distantly related, which can be brought to illustrate or ornament his subject, has one great branch of genius; another is judgment in selection of words, of ornaments, or of modes of action; for without judgment what becomes of genius? which yet is so often in common parlance confined to invention: for example, suppose the painter could see at once with infinite quickness, all the different modes of grouping his figures and then chuse the worst, would we grant him genius? But I stop. I will not attempt to define genius, and I am sorry that I even hazarded a supposition. I only meant to urge, that it wants a definition, and to note the extreme carelessness of great writers in the use of words, let those who have it undertake the office of defining it.

They best can paint it who have felt it most.

Nor

Nor have the diversities of genius been sufficiently noticed; it is granted by Heaven, not only in different degrees but in different forms. The mind rapid to invent, in some respects, shall be wonderfully slow of conception in others. I have known a man, and it was a remarkable instance, of deservedly high character, who was extremely dull in understanding an argument, but having once perceived its force, excelled its framers by infinite odds in perceiving its consequences, connections and dependencies. But I am straying widely from my purpose, which was only to give another instance of the vague uncertain application of a celebrated term.

Until therefore the limits of genius be more accurately defined, and notwithstanding the loose thoughts I have thrown out, I will not venture strictly to delineate them, I am not able to answer the question whether fancy can exist without genius, but I am inclined to think that it can, though imagination be a constituent part of the latter. The ready invention of imagery is the quick perception of existing and beautiful relations, and directly coincides with my notions of genius above expressed, but I think I can conceive a creative fancy, without sagacity, and without judgment.—A mind endued with this power, that yet should be dull in understanding an argument—incapable of forming a new and beautiful simile, and ab-

furd in selection of language, or determination of conduct. But let me be pardoned for not going further into an enquiry partly metaphysical and leading perhaps to the deepest recesses of the human understanding; I wish to express myself with modesty and with diffidence upon these heads, and let it be remembered they are no part of the original purpose of this essay, which was to mark certain improprieties of speech, and confusions of ideas really distinct, arising from the careless use of words.

ON THE STILE OF GIBBON.

AFFECTATION conciliates more followers than nature, for it is easier to be affected, than to be natural. The position seems paradoxical, yet I fear is true: almost all children at a certain age become affected, and all the efforts of the parent and master are required to bring back to nature, the motion of their limbs, and carriage of their bodies. We may extend this observation to mental exertions. The stile of Mr. Addison is so easy as scarcely to excite admiration, unless in persons of taste and refinement, while that of Johnson or of Gibbon dazzles the world. The mischiefs done by their example in the regions of taste and elegance are infinite, and the prodigious influence they have had upon composition in general, calls for every man's efforts to point out to their imitators, *servum pecus*, the glaring deformities of their models.

Let a writer try to imitate their respective modes, for by an endeavour at imitation alone, can the difficulty and desert of composition be thoroughly weighed, and reply
what

what is his decision on their merits. I think he will say, that Addison is inimitable, while the others may be copied, as it were by a receipt or formula. A learned and ingenious gentleman* has, in the Transactions of the Irish Academy, by an analysis of Johnson's mode of writing, given what I may call a prescription for composing in the Johnsonian manner, the possibility of which, indeed, has been humourously proved in the work called Lexiphanes. The same may be said of Gibbon's. Addison's Periods with easy air embrace infinite variety, Gibbon's with uniform disposition and monotonous cadence, offend the ear of every lover of true harmony in composition. No man who writes naturally, could shape his sentences with such uniformity. A peculiar style, (not an affected peculiarity like that of walking upon stilts instead of legs,) but a custom would be perceived—a natural manner differing like his handwriting from other men, while shades of variation would still be seen at different times of life, in different humours, or as he had been tinged by a more recent perusal of this or that author. Gibbon is alike throughout. The following recipe will do for half his periods. Let the sentence be formed of two great members, and no more, nearly of the same dimensions, and of corresponding sound, sometimes copulated by means of the particle *and*,

* Dr. Burrowes, F. T. C. D.

and sometimes contrasted by means of the particles *but* or *yet*. If you change sometimes this bifid sentence into a triplet, these two formulæ will exhaust the greater part of his periods; examples will best explain; Open any part of his volumes, and you will find illustrations. I declare I have not searched for any particular part, but have taken the first which offers before me. It is in the fortieth chapter, the description of the churches and palaces built by Justinian, and of the fortifications of Europe. Eight out of fifteen periods employed on the former, and more than a moiety of twenty sentences whose subject is the latter, are constructed in these moulds. The skeleton or ribs of a few of them, shall be produced. *Ex pede Herculem*. "The munificence of the Emperor was diffused over the Holy land, *and* if reason should condemn the monasteries built by Justinian, *yet* charity must applaud the wells which he sunk. The schismatic temper of Egypt was ill entitled to the royal bounty, some remedies were applied to the disasters of wars and earthquakes, *and* almost every faint in the calendar acquired the honour of a temple. Almost every city of the empire obtained the solid advantages of bridges, hospitals and aqueducts, *but* the severe liberality of the monarch, &c. &c. The Byzantine palace was restored, *and* some notion may be conceived of the whole edifice by the vestibule. The fortifications of Europe and

Asia

Asia were multiplied by Justinian, but the repetition of these timid precautions exposed to a philosophic eye, the debility of the empire."

One example may do for the triplet. "The poets of the age have celebrated the rare alliance of nature and art in the summer palace of Justinian, yet the crowd of attendants who followed the court complained of their inconvenient lodgings, and the nymphs were too often alarmed by the famous whale Porphyrio *."

Laboured uniformity however, is not the only fault of Gibbon. His wish to write nervously, and to avoid the use of expletives often enfeebling but which Addison has introduced without fear, covers his works with obscurity, and swells them with turgid pomp. *Brevi esse Laborat, Obscurus fit*. His history is a perpetual enigma, with the grandeur and the darkness of an oracle. Each sentence is a riddle, which by obscure allusions to events scarcely if at all mentioned before, by circuitous and obscuring descriptions of well known personages, or on the contrary, by mentioning others never before introduced as if perfectly known to the reader, opens an occasion for conjecture, and presupposes a previous know-

* Since writing the above, I have observed in the British Critic when reviewing Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, this triplet remarked.

ledge, which would make his history unnecessary. Whoever takes up his book with avidity, conceiving that it will convey all the useful parts of the information contained in the Byzantine historians, to those who have neither leisure nor inclination to consult those voluminous compilations, will find without a previous acquaintance with them, the work of the modern historian nearly unintelligible. To explain what has been urged let us take any example, the first that occurs, suppose in ch. 41. The amours of Antonina the wife of Belisarius are the subject; “ Before her marriage with Belisarius, Antonina
“ had one husband and many lovers; Photius, the son
“ of her former nuptials, was of an age to distinguish
“ himself at the siege of Naples, and it was not till
“ the autumn of her age and beauty, that she in-
“ dulg’d a scandalous attachment to a Thracian youth.
“ Theodosius had been educated in the Eunomian he-
“ resy; the African voyage was consecrated by the
“ baptism and auspicious name of the first soldier who
“ embarked, and the profelyte was adopted into the
“ family of his spiritual parents, Belisarius and Anto-
“ nina. Before they touched the shores of Africa, this
“ holy kindred degenerated into sensual love, and as
“ Antonina soon overleaped the bounds of modesty
“ and caution, the Roman general alone was ignorant
“ of his own dishonour.” The first period informs us

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that

that she was attached to a Thracian youth, the second tells us that Theodosius was educated in the Eunomian heresy, that the African expedition was consecrated by the baptism and auspicious name of the first soldier who embarked, and that the profelyte was adopted into the family of his spiritual parents Belifarius and Antonina. It is pretty plain from this, that Belifarius and Antonina were sponsors for the first soldier who embarked, but I would ask the reader who that was, and what was his so auspicious name, and how that name consecrated the voyage. I would ask him who that Theodosius was, who was educated in the Eunomian heresy, and how this story was introduced after the mention of the Thracian paramour. The reader probably has sagacity much superior to mine, but I own it was not untill after I had read these paragraphs more than once, that I discovered, from my acquaintance with Mr. Gibbon's manner, that the first soldier who embarked, Theodosius and the Thracian youth, were all one and the same person, for certainly I should have supposed them three, if these descriptions had issued from the pen of any other writer. I was as much at a loss a short time after to know who Macedonia and Constantia were, two ladies introduced with the familiarity of old acquaintance, though to the reader apparently strangers; I rummaged the preceding pages, but in vain, for some previous
mention

mention of them. Thus by studied obscurity, and allusions which suppose a previous acquaintance with the facts, is the whole history darkened. Would not nature and ease dictate some such narrative as this? (Theodosius, her paramour, a Thracian youth, had been lately reclaimed from the Eunomian heresy, and having been the first soldier who embarked in the African expedition, that voyage was consecrated by his baptism; Belisarius and Antonina condescended to be sponsors, and admitted the profelyte to the rights of adoption). In some such manner, with more plainness but infinitely more strength would Swift, with more simplicity but incomparably more elegance would Addison have told the story: do not trust to my feeble comparison, place in juxta position any two tales you please of the Authors mentioned; suppose that of Rhynfauld and Sapphira in the Spectator, and that of Albion and Rosamond in Gibbon, ch. 45. and from thence let a judgment be formed. I do not pretend ability to translate the Gibbonian into the Addisonian style, but I think it is not very difficult by the help of the formula above alluded to, to dress ancient simplicity in modern tinsel. For instance, the well known tale of Inkle and Yarico is thus related, “ Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged 20 years, “ embarked in the Downs on the good ship called

“ the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies, in order
“ to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize.
“ Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent
“ citizen, who had taken particular care to instil
“ into his mind an early love of gain, by making him
“ a perfect master of numbers, and consequently
“ giving him a quick view of loss and advantage,
“ and preventing the natural impulses of his passions,
“ by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind
“ thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way
“ agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength
“ in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flow-
“ ing on his shoulders. It happened in the course of
“ the voyage that the Achilles, in some distress, put
“ into a creek on the main of America in search of
“ provisions: the youth who is the hero of my story
“ went ashore on this occasion: from their first land-
“ ing they were observed by a party of Indians,
“ who hid themselves in the wood for that pur-
“ pose. The English unadvisedly marched a great
“ distance from the shore into the country, and were
“ intercepted by the natives who slew the greatest
“ number of them*.

Let the reader judge whether there be much difficulty

* See Spectator, Vol. I.

or much advantage in the transfer of this simple narration to a modern fashionable dress and to give it bombastio consequence; would it not be something like this?

The object of the merchant is to fill his coffers with the profits of trade, *and* the thoughts of the embarking Inkle were fraught with the expected wealth of the Indies. The paternal care of a greedy father had imbrued his mind with avarice, *and* the weak and sordid passions of a citizen easily bowed before the dæmon of interest. The powers of numbers had been his study, *and* auspicious Mercury smiled on his speculations. The person of the incipient voyager was agreeable, the ruddy vigour of his countenance *and* texture of his limbs proclaimed his manly strength, *and* the flowing ringlets on his shoulders recalled attention to his youthful beauty. Want of provision impelled the vessel to seek the land, *and* juvenile curiosity hurried the first adventurer who grasped the shore. ¹ A party of the adorers of the sun had concealed themselves in Sylvestrian ambush.—² Prudence would have dictated to Europeans a cautious departure from the shore—³ *But* impetuosity prompted the troop *and* massacre was its fruit*.

* The *Triplet*, or as the Reviewers call it, ternary arrangement of Gibbon's sentences.

Perhaps these observations may have some small influence in guarding youth against modern fashionable corrupted style. That Gibbon's style is really pleasing to them I do not believe; I am convinced many of them, if urged, would be forced to confess they never perused a moiety of the work. With heavy and tedious splendor, like a garment of glittering brocade stiffened with gold and silver, it oppresses me with its weight, and offends me with its violation of taste, and never was I able to labour through the work or read more than detached passages, until my present object made it a duty. I am persuaded few, very few, have been led by delight through the voluminous page, and perhaps most of its applauders, like those of many other books, praise from report and echo the applauses of others. Fashion is too often the bane of truth, but if youth must be led by fashion and common fame, it may be the best antidote to remind them, that in this decline of an Augustan age, when as in the time of Tacitus the supposed model of Gibbon, language and composition are surely not improving, there are men high in fashion and high in fame, who oppose this frothy tide, *apparent rari nantes*, I need but mention Mr. Fox: the enemies of that great man will not refuse to him the praise of simplicity of diction, correctness of expression, and energy of language like that of Demosthenes.

henes, seemingly without ornament*, because none artificially laboured, or extraneously fought——really fraught with the greatest, springing from nature and the subject.

* I allude here not so much to the speeches of Mr. Fox, however admired, as to his mode of writing.

WHETHER THE WORLD

WILL EVER RELAPSE INTO

BARBARISM.

MY own opinion always has been, that the present state of illumination and refinement will be succeeded by second darkness and Cimmerian night, equally gloomy with the cloud raised by the crush of the Roman empire. The reply of those to whom the idea was suggested uniformly has been, *impossible*; the art of printing renders such fears groundless. I answer—the art of printing itself may become exclusively the engine of wickedness, of vice, of folly, of irreligion. If the fashion or madness of the times should produce a relish for corrupted food, we may be filled with writings to satiety, yet swallow nothing but poison; what infinite mischief has the press produced in our own days? In France the vehicle of every crime, it has been made the easy propagator of blasphemy, of massacre, of anarchy. Whether it shall finally be a blessing or a curse must depend on the taste of mankind, and if that taste be vitiated, and feeds upon venom, the more it consumes the sooner will

will we perish. Would I therefore be an enemy to the press altogether? surely not; we must take it with all its possible evils, to annihilate it would be to lose a certainty of much good, from an apprehension of possible mischief; it is an excellent antidote to tyranny, while it preserves itself from licentiousness, but a licentious press is necessarily the victim of arbitrary power, by furnishing pretexts for its extirpation; a prudent controul of its exercise without affecting its liberty, must in every country be wise; further than that we should let it take its course. But what I mean to urge is, that the press without morals will not preserve civilization, and that immorality would make it the vehicle of barbarism.

What do the common people now read—newspapers; and what do newspapers contain—false news, false principles, false morals, endeavoured to be impressed on the public by contending parties, without the least regard to truth, to virtue, or public utility; and who are the compilers of these vehicles of instruction, (the only lessons learnt by the mass of the vulgar) often the lowest, and vilest, and most ignorant of mankind. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle taught the Athenian people. The people of London are taught by the compilers of newspapers, the engines of the mob or of the court.

That the common people ought not to be taught to read, as is said by some, is justly thought a monstrous position, yet it might be rendered true, if all they read tend to mislead and to darken them.

Does the press improve their civilization; that press which pours forth every day for the improvement of our young men, the scenes of a brothel, illustrated with drawings; and for its maidens, the delusions of a novel, or the evidence in a trial for adultery. Query, whether the publications of morality and religion, numerous as they are, countervail the advantage which Satan derives from the art of printing?

Suppose a nation should take it in their heads to condemn all old systems and all old books, because they contain old systems; suppose they should include the Bible in the number; suppose they should prevent the reprinting of all present learning, and insist that nothing should be published except their own new-fangled doctrines, and that these doctrines tended to unhinge all civilized society. Reader are my suppositions wild? know then, if you know it not already, they were realized in our own day; they were realized in France within these five years; they were realized by the tyrant Robespierre: by Robespierre worse than Omar,
for

for Omar acted not from enmity to learning, but from friendship to Mahometanism.

It has employed the whole vigour of the French nation to return from their phrenzy to common sense, but nations will not always recover from their frenzies, and in progress of time my fears may be realized. The reason why my opinion has been thought improbable or impossible is this, that as it is said, no instance has occurred of a nation reducing itself to barbarism; Rome was over-run by barbarous but *foreign* swarms. I will not reply merely to the fact by saying, that Rome had before that period made such retrograde way to anti-civilization, but I will add also, that the world is young; we have seen perhaps little of the possible extravagancies of human nature and their wild effects: France in its wild deliriums has astonished the world; they may be outdone by some more outrageous fever, which may finally end in the extinction of light and life. Human nature, insolent and presuming in its own strength, spurning the aids of divine revelation, and even of ancient learning, may relapse after convulsions into lethargy, and till the impossibility of such events be proved by some better argument than the invention of printing, I shall ever, from the data afforded by the history of modern times believe their

probability. The age of pretended self sufficient reason will become the age of absurdity; irreligion will subvert all government, and anarchy lead to barbarism.

THE INNOCENCE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A FICTION.

THE careless auditor of perpetual invective against the follies and vices of the rich, would imagine that they constitute the only faulty part of mankind, and that all the humbler orders form patterns of virtue and of honour. The poet, the painter, and the sage, unite in contrasting the simplicity of the cottage with the depravity of the hall, and the innocence of the peasant with the vices of his lord. In what Arcadia these harmless shepherds dwell I know not, but my own observation has not induced me to admit this alledged superiority of rustic virtue in humble life. The drunkenness, the rioting, the vice, of the courtly and the vulgar mob, seem to me to differ not in degree, but only in place and mode and form. Chastity, it is said, loves more frequently to dwell under the lowly than the lofty roof,
and

and is there the parent of extensive population; yet who is ignorant of the vast number of illegitimate births which are there traced; and other virtues surely are there more seldom found. It is not fair or necessary in our comparison always to introduce on one side of the picture (as many unfair reasoners do) the very highest orders. The middle ranks of life are the most virtuous; amongst these (however deficient they may be from the perfection of christianity) moral virtue, and decency of character are very generally diffused; they have more feeling, more tenderness, more benevolence, than the poor. What can exceed the cruelty of the rabble? let France attest the fact, and let any man ask himself, to whose absolute mercy he would chuse to be relinquished, if driven to so hard a choice, the tyrants of the palace or the kennel. Where is there more strife or envyings than among the poor? how often do we feel our charity repelled, by seeing their want of feeling and mutual tenderness, their grudgings, their contentions, their reciprocal scandal, when compassion, unequal to the relief of the whole, has assisted a part.

Where shall we see more low cunning, wrought up in hateful composition with ignorance and folly, where more ferocity and brutal violence than in those fancied

cied seats of peace and innocence? why should it not be so? will want of education soften manners, and want of instruction promote morality? if so, the savage Indian ought to be as superior to the peasant, as the latter is supposed by fiction to be superior to the gentleman. Away then with this false modesty of always abusing ourselves. A late writer, Mr. Heron, in his history of Scotland, bursts out into this passionate exclamation. "Accursed be the tongue that
 "has dared to flatter greatness, by specially main-
 "taining that the heart is purified and the sentiments
 "exalted with the exaltation of rank, and the increase
 "or refinement of exterior accommodation. Shall we
 "deny to the independent and elevated mind of the
 "savage the same *tender generosity* of sentiment, which
 "most strikingly distinguishes those amongst us, whose
 "character most nearly approaches to his." *Yes, I will deny it*, though I am pleading not so much for the highest orders as for the middle ranks of life, and by no means insisting that the heart is purified exactly in proportion to the exaltation of rank*.

Any man acquainted with the history and manner of Savage nations, and if he be not so acquainted,

* Very high rank no doubt tends to produce want of feeling to the poor, but not NECESSARILY as every day proves by illustrious examples to the contrary.

let him only read Herne's late journey * to the Northern Ocean, will wonder that another should dare to assert it. Nor will I fear that my tongue will be accursed for flattery when I say that though many in elevated station set infamous examples of depravity, many more exhibit specimens of chastity, decorum and regularity, amidst the elegance of costly life, worthy to be admired and followed by the best of citizens. The cry against the higher orders is occasioned by the bad example of a few conspicuous persons; these catch fools by their glare, and alone are talked of and observed; they are seen in the streets, they blaze at the opera, they glitter in the dance; the notice of the bad is attracted by a vitious love of false fashion—the horror of the good is augmented by the constant attacks of the pulpit, which is apt, too indiscriminately in my opinion, to inveigh against the wealthy and the powerful, as if they formed one common vitious corrupted mass. But in the mean time, how many hundreds and thousands of the families of the gentry are passing through life in the practice of every quiet and domestic

* Whoever reads the bloody massacre recounted by him in his 6th chapter, and the horrors of the death of a girl of 18 twisting round the spears of the Indians like an eel, are Herne's words, while they joked on her misery, (which I think scarce a man among us could read without nausea and throwing the book out of his hand) and whoever has elsewhere read of the Indian treatment of prisoners, must stare to hear of the tender generosity of Savages.

virtue, without being noticed by the vulgar, who mark an extravagant equipage, or a wanton beauty, but know not and cannot be admitted to know the interior manners of a virtuous mansion. The Philosopher (too fond in general of finding faults) is not more just to their excellence. Let those alone be reprobated, who by their example furnish food for the false opinions thus propagated against their superiors by the deceivers of the mob, and who if they only were in danger of falling victims to the odium they excite, perhaps would perish unlamented.

MODERN SOPHISMS,

ORIGINATED WITH THE GREAT.

MANKIND seem lately to have conceived, that the abilities of preceding ages exhausted truth and virtue with every thing real and genuine, and left for the talents of posterity only the invention of fallacy, and improvement of sophism. Hence, whoever wishes to please modern taste, devises new courses of paradox, with entremets of Deism or fauces of debauchery. While these attempts are confined to the regions of whim or fancy, they may convey amusement, unalloyed except by that distaste which the lover of veracity feels for its confusion with faction. Whether beauty was the lot of the execrated Richard, or courage included in the character of Falstaff, are questions of little moment, save as they might conduce to make us doubt all testimony, and disregard the dictates of common sense. But when they have been followed by others, tending to unhinge society, and to eradicate the finest feelings of
the

the human mind, resistance to such horrid novelties becomes indispensibly necessary, and accordingly has latterly been powerfully attempted, particularly by the great. By the great, who detest the ridiculous sophism, that because all men have equal rights to the enjoyment of rational liberty and secured property, therefore the most ignorant, the lowest, the vilest, have equal claim to power and station and share in the government with the best informed, the wealthiest, or the most moral*. By the great, who abhor the absurd position, that monarchy ought to be banished from the world, and support another equally absurd, that no form of government can be tolerable but the monarchical. By the great, who deny the possibility of parliamentary virtue, and yet complain of its deficiency in the mob.

* Undoubtedly there never was a more ridiculous sophism than that mentioned in the text; nay I go further, I hold that a great part of the community is and ought to be disqualified from a share in the government, and in the election of the legislature, for the same reason that children are, because they are too dependant in the nature of things to have a will of their own; tried knowledge, integrity, and independance, ought theoretically to be the criterions of a right to vote, but as it is impossible in practice to have an accurate measure of these, property is chosen as the most probable measure, and perhaps according to the spirit of the British constitution, as well as of common sense, no man that had not an income of 100l. per annum ought to vote, or if he did it should only be in the choice of primary electors.

Yet, let us for a moment consider, whether these loud complainants, the great and powerful, did not themselves from their high abodes, by the electricity of their example, draw forth those monstrous fictions which have issued from the Abyss? Many great and wonderful discoveries had been made by the aristocratic philosophers before those of the Canaille discovered, or rather rediscovered (for Jack Cade and Wat. Tyler, and John of Munster had discovered it long before) the sophistical equality of mankind. It had been discovered in the courts of kings, that though outward forms must be as yet observed, yet religion was a farce; that the King of Kings was not to be regarded, but that great respect was due to earthly majesty, and not a little to its attendants. The vulgar were inclined to listen to one part of the doctrine which favoured their vices, but not to the other which checked their plunder, and their superiors were much surprized when irreligion ended in notions of general equality. The great had patronized the wits and admired the sages who strove to extirpate Christianity, but never dreamt of the dissolution of religion ending in the dissolution of government. A false philosophy, says Mr. Burke, passed from academies into courts, and the great themselves were infected with the theories which conducted to their ruin.

ruin*. They rejoiced in the ridicule of him whose burthen is light, and expected to preserve the authority of them whose burthen was deemed heavy. They found out, that exterior solemnity and form was ridiculous, that the emperor might, without impropriety, assume the manners and the dress of a private gentleman, the duke play foot-ball with his servant, and the baron imitate the garb of his coachman and tread the same pavement with his lacquey. They spoke of college and bishops' incomes with as much jealousy, and attacked tithes with as much asperity as the lower orders, and were surprised to find the argument ending in a call for equality of property, and extinction of rents. They seemed to hold, that every thing was to be renovated, except what would affect their interest, and the mob was of opinion, that their position was too limited, and extended it to the renovation of every thing whatsoever. Liberality—that boasted liberality, which scorns all barriers of venerable antiquity; and philosophy, that vaunted philosophy, which despises the wisdom of ages and the volume of experience, were the favourite and constant topics of the great, and of their

* Non meus hic sermo then only. Mr. Burke held it, say the Editors of some of his posthumous works, from the time of his publishing the *thoughts on the present discontents* thirty years ago.

admired writers, yet they stared at these their old friends, when they came forth from the company of Tom Paine, under the names of the Rights of Man and the Age of Reason. Who more admired than Adam Smith? Yet Adam Smith in his celebrated work on the *Wealth of Nations*, * proposes two easy and effectual methods to correct unsocial and rigorous morals, one the study of *philosophy* as an antidote to the poison of enthusiasm and superstition; the other frequency of public diversions: Is not this the very language which the French have since caught up. They were but the old acquaintances of the great world, though they had ceased to be their friends. No paradox could exceed many which had been adopted by themselves. Let us take one or two instances out of a million. The Grand Duke of Tuscany found out, that no respect was due to a human form the moment after the soul had left it, and that regardless of the rank or virtues of its late possessor, the scavenger might throw it into a common cart amongst an hundred of the meanest carcases, without offence to any survivor; or, that if any one was offended, he was a fool and no philosopher; and philosophers of inferior rank had argued the inutility of religion to morals, and its mischiefs

* *Smith's Wealth of Nations*. Book 5. ch. 1.

to society. To tell me that the form of the dear and youthful, and perhaps yet beautiful wife of my bosom, may the minute she expires be thrown into a common tumbril, and carted to a common pit, with the remains of villainy, filth and abomination, and that my feeling must not be affected, unless I am willing to resign all pretensions to philosophy—to tell me that morals can generally be maintained without religion, against the efforts of human passions, however it may in a few instances of cool, refined and polished minds*—to tell me, that because false religion and hypocrisy have done much mischief, therefore the precepts of Christianity really practised would not do infinite good—all these assertions appear to me attempts to impose sophisms no less dangerous and extravagant than those of Paine, who has at least shewn too much ability, while he laughs at his disciples, to allow us to believe, that he has like many of his betters, imposed upon himself. - Let the great therefore, upon whom ruin has fallen or impended, partly thank themselves for the fall of the bulwarks by themselves undermined. Let them remember that they opened that box of Pandora, which they strive in vain to shut. Has the spirit of innovation been confined to the mob?

* See Brown and Shaftsbury.

Did a general idea previously go forth like the lying spirit of Ahab among their betters, that every thing was to be renovated? Let not the enemy of French reform forget that universal reformer the Emperor Joseph. A general principle seems to have pervaded all ranks, that nothing which was old could be right, and that every thing must be altered. A man could not be even hanged*, more majorum; so far from profiting by experience, they would borrow nothing from it, and whoever ventured humbly to presume that our ancestors might be right, was knocked down by the Lord Peters of the day.

Let the mighty therefore not think themselves blameless if they have fallen, or fear to fall; no system of education could please them which had formerly pleased; no plan of policy was thought wise which the last generation had commended; to blast an opinion, it was sufficient to shew, that it had been consecrated for ages. What have been the books which we have seen perpetually in the hands of greatness, Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, and such like, the parents either of irreligion

* Alluding to the new mode of execution, in which awkwardness has sometimes occasioned the most lengthened and horrid tortures irremediable from the nature of the invention.

or revolution *. Liberality was the watchword adopted by weakness, and the countersign used by cunning, and under an excellent name lurked the seeds of anarchy, massacre and barbarism; and if power shall be relieved from its present difficulties and dangers, who shall tell us, that its possessors shall not be seized with the same phrenzy of pretended improvement in every thing not affecting their own interests, which now breaks out in a thousand instances. It would be invidious to enumerate them; but let not that restless spirit of governors, which is always seeking amendments in old establishments, alterations in received opinions, and aberrations from fundamental laws think that it can forestall absurdity, or monopolize innovation †.

* To mention other writers, less eminent, but equally fashionable, how has the love of novelty superseded the love of truth. The sophisms of Godwin, the fancies of Darwin, the impositions of Lavater are the favourites of the day. Of the last I must recount a tale told me by a nobleman since deceased; in his presence Lavater undertook to draw a picture of a celebrated admiral (Lord H——) from his character. The picture was not in the least like; his defence was, then the character must be mistaken. How must he laugh at the credulity of his disciples.

† It will be easily supposed that the above observations chiefly relate to the Continent; *de nostris nil nisi bonum*. Yet have we not even here seen with concern, in the midst of the abuse poured upon the French by the higher orders, their phrases adopted, and their manners imitated, and as if to shew how little real horror was excited, our ladies of fashion wearing bloody handkerchiefs, and hair dressed, as if prepared for execution. A French gentleman once exclaimed to me, *Que je fremis d'horreur? Lorsque je vois les Demoiselles babillées de la même manière que mes amies que j'ai vues aller à la guillotine*. Half of our gentry are *Crops* and *Sans Culottes*:—The ministers themselves talk of organization, and speeches from the cabinet of constituted powers, as if the English language was unable to express the most common idea.

ON THE CHARACTER

OF

. DR. JOHNSON.

IF Dr. Johnson had never been known to the world but by his writings, his character would have descended to posterity, adorned with the stamps of learning and religion, alloyed merely by turgid and unnatural diction. His enthusiastic admirers, willing to pay him divine honors, have rendered both him and themselves ridiculous by the attempt, and instead of a revered man, have exhibited an idolized monster. Whoever presumes to move the tongue against this celebrated person, incurs all the danger of that acrimonious contemptuous and illiberal attack, which his disciples have acquired in the Johnsonian school, and of which one of his first admirers has exhibited a tolerable specimen in an observation on the transactions of the
Edinburgh

Edinburgh Society*, which contained some criticisms and free observations on his patron. Nor will his defenders perhaps feel much apprehension from an appeal to a public, already as they suppose, pre-occupied and decided in their opinions; it is not my disposition, however, to submit to this literary tyranny, nor do I feel any reluctance to this resistance, except that which attends the idea of attacking the mighty dead. The friends who have exposed the nakedness of the lifeless corpse can scarcely make this objection; the reply to the objection is, that the attack proceeds from themselves, for my office is principally to delineate the treacherous outworks raised by them as monuments of his fame; he does not fally the picture who merely points out the mode in which it is drawn, nor can the dead be suffered to pass without reflection, if their names are produced by the living to sanction what is wrong, or decide what is dubious. The name of Dr. Johnson is high in the world: if it is brought forward to justify duelling or palliate fornication†; if it has been introduced to

* The learned society under whose sanction such gabble and presumptuous petulance is ushered into the world, would do well to offer a premium to discover its meaning. Boswell's Anecdotes, 3 vol. p. 198, Octavo.

† This shall be explained in the sequel.

shew the propriety of political measures and grand alterations in the systems of nations, will any man say that a character still so interesting to the living, does not fairly come before the tribunal of his survivors; is it absolutely criminal to question his authority? Is it positively incumbent on us to swallow implicitly the *ipse dixit* of this new *Stagirite*?

I do not wish to depreciate the character of Dr. Johnson as a learned or a pious man. In both respects his merit was eminently conspicuous, (though in the latter tinged with bigotry and superstition, and a fear of death perhaps unmanly), and in both respects I trust and believe, his works and his example have done and will do much and solid good in the world, but these reflections were chiefly suggested by the anecdotes of him given by Mr. Boswell. If Mr. Boswell has been guilty of falsehood (which I do not suspect) he, and not I, are answerable for any censures thrown upon his master. If Dr. Johnson merely threw out sportive opinions he is responsible himself, for from the mouth of such a man, wrong principles were firebrands, arrows and death, and none but a fool who throws them would say he was in sport.

Let us then view the character of this great man, (for
such

such I acknowledge him to be in talents) as to be collected from the Boswellian anecdotes. Few persons have read Mr. Boswell's work with sufficient attention to scrutinize the character delineated, and fewer dare speak their real sentiments. Let us if possible divest ourselves of ancient and submissive awe, let us view his religion, his politics, his manners, and see whether he does not come forth from Mr. Boswell's press in religion a bigot *, in politics a tyrant, and in manners a barbarian. Let us examine his spirit, his opinions, his consistency: his spirit appears to me alternately insolent and servile, according as his commerce was with the great or with the humble: his opinions never free from the most inveterate and narrow prejudices: his consistency ready at any time to submit to his love of contradiction and affectation of superiority: unfair and uncandid in controversy, ridiculously partial to his friends and absurdly detracting from his enemies †.

Let

* It may be asked, how can bigotry be consistent with piety; with true and genuine piety perhaps not, but I can conceive a very good and pious man, and one whose prayers might be acceptable to Heaven, because proceeding from a sincere heart, yet tinged by unfortunate prejudice with excessive bigotry on particular subjects; such I think was Johnson.

† I fear these expressions will be thought harsh and virulent; yet, the friends of the man, who said of the Americans, "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for any thing we allow
" them

Let us see whether Mr. Boswell will support me in this hard censure, I will ask no aid but his.

I love the Church of England, I believe it to be the purest and the most tolerant Church that ever existed, but may I not be permitted to think that man a bigot who said he would die to restore the Convocation. The Convocation may be a good thing, but who since the days of Queen Anne thought the restoration of its active powers an object worth dying for. It may be incorrectness of speech to call a dissenting pastor a clergyman, but I cannot think with Dr. Johnson that it is a crime; I prefer establishment to the want of it, upon principle and reflection, but I cannot think with him that it is wicked to live where there is none.

If bigot he thought too hard a name after these instances, shall we refuse at least to call him superstitious?

"them short of hanging," cannot well complain of severity of expression from any person connected with or who loves that country, which happens to be the situation of the author, *who there spent his earliest and his happiest days.*

In truth Dr. Johnson, like Dr. Warburton, could scarcely complain of asperity of expression, without exciting a smile, and if the harsh phrases in the text are justified by instances attested by Mr. Boswell, truth is not severity. Perhaps the instances I have collected may astonish the hasty peruser, and convince the blind admirer.

That

That he believed in ghosts and witches is evident, when he says, "You have not only general report and belief, "but many voluntary solemn confessions." And again, "this question is yet undecided," and in another place, "a "total disbelief *of them* is averse to the opinion of the "existence of the soul between death and the last day*." If he had said of the *possibility of them* it might be admitted. The possibility of apparitions perhaps religion forbids us to deny, but who believes that supernatural appearances have been seen of late ages, when in the system of Providence they seem to have been no longer necessary.

But what shall we say to his believing, that he heard his mother call Sam when she was 100 miles off, and to his practice of putting a particular foot first over the threshold, and turning his tea cup in a particular way; the Catholic religion seemed to have peculiar charms for him, because it contained so much superstitious belief; the invocation of saints, and doctrine of purgatory charmed his fancy, and he openly declared he would be a Papist if he could, but I

* See Boswell vol. 2. page 44, and 3d vol. page 28 and 360. I quote always from an octavo edition.

never shall, said he, unless upon the near approach of death, *of which I have great terror* *. But why should I accumulate proofs of superstition in a man who considered the extorted confessions of insane old women as evidence of witchcraft, and made a serious enquiry into the truth of the tale of the Cock-lane Ghost.

If we pass to his political character we shall find him, when speaking of one of his best friends, observing, he was a Whig with all the virulence of his party. But what Whig has been so virulent or so vulgar as to compliment his opponents with the name of rascals, an epithet bestowed by Johnson on the revered names of Ruffel and Sydney. Whig and Scoundrel with him were synonymous. Such a one turned Whig, but he had been a scoundrel all along to be sure †.

In Johnson's pamphlet called the Patriot, says Mr. Boswell, there was nothing exceptionable, except that it endeavoured to vindicate the glaring outrage of the Middlesex election, and to justify the attempt to reduce our fellow subjects in America to unconditional sub-

* Boswell, vol. 3. page 435.

† Vol. 2. page 311.

mission, and was there really nothing else exceptionable, save these trifles?

I shall not dwell on his assertion, that Charles II. was the best prince we have had since the revolution, except James II. * nor on his requisition to Mr. B. to shew him any patriot that was not a scoundrel. I proceed to his observation that the House of Commons † was originally not a privilege of the People, but an instrument of the Crown to check the Lords; and his assertion that since it is now no longer under the power of the Crown it must be bribed. Were I a minister, said he, if any man wagged his finger against me he should be turned out.

When asked whether he had not been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, which his Biographer thinks was owing to the too great indulgence of Government? his answer is, No Sir, I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head to be sure, but I was not vexed. I do not know what more a man could do, if he was ever so much vexed. Vid. 3 vol. p. 366 and 347.

* 2 Vol. 205.

† 2 Vol. 212. Can there be any Staffordshire Whig? Yes, rascals in all countries. 3, 54. Mason's conduct was blamed, Mason is a Whig.

The blessings of the revolution he lamented as curses, he mourned the death of the doctrine of Inherent Right, by which I understand him to mean the Divine Right of Things, and he said the revolution, though necessary, broke our constitution*. What is there so abominable in politics which has not been patronized by Doctor Johnson? At one time he said that the Hanoverian family had no friends, and at another he deserted the house of Stuart to become one, induced by a pension†. If he was in any respect a patriot, it was the narrow and illiberal patriotism of John Bull, wishing every Scotchman to be an absentee, that he might spend his rents in England, and Scotland become a province: Such a system of detestable and confined politics seems almost incredible.

Madame Lapouchin, a lady brought up in all the delicacy of a court, of high station, of family, of exquisite beauty, and at least reputed innocence, was, for an alleged conspiracy in Russia, with every outrage upon delicacy, and every circumstance of cruelty, lashed by the common executioner, naked to the waist, in the most public place of Petersburg. Who but a Russian, or some one like a Russian, can hear of such barbar-

* Vol. III. p. 577.

† 3. 332.

ties without horror! Yet, says the humane D. J. *, the woman's life was spared, and no punishment could be too great for the favorite of an *Empress* conspiring to dethrone her majesty. She suffered the knout and had her tongue cut out! But I speak of the indecency even more than the cruelty of the sentence. Dryden, (says he) was not one of the gentle bosoms; what shall we think of his own?

I proceed to his Manners. It is an observation of Cicero's that some few men of elevated genius may be allowed certain liberties, which would not be forgiven to the common level. But what Cynic, however elevated his genius, could have a right to make this reply to a man, who observed that drinking made us forget every thing disagreeable, and asked whether a man might not be allowed to drink for that reason—*Yes Sir, if he sat next you.* The observation was brutish and unprovoked, and if it did not provoke reciprocal brutality, it was because happily it was not addressed to a Cynic †.

To the mild and amiable Sir Joshua Reynolds, arguing with his usual gentleness, the reply is, *Sir, you are drunk*; his common mode of expressing disbelief was by

* Vol. III. p. 69.

† Vol. II. p. 58.

saying, *Sir, that is a lye*: He meant only thereby, say his admirers, to express disbelief, but he was not ignorant, that such expressions of incredulity conveyed to every ear the further idea of insult and opprobrium, and therefore he meant to insult, and to abuse. His mode of eating was that of a ravenous bear, his motions ungainly, his actions disgusting and affectedly so. If we talk of his heart, he said he never could have liked a child of his own, and he never wished to have one. Would any man wish to feel like him, or any man who has a heart, chuse him for his friend.

The spirit of Christianity is meek and lowly of heart—the spirit of honor is courteous to all but the haughty and the oppressor—the spirit of fortitude neither despises nor trembles at death: had Johnson any of these? To say nothing of his personal pride, his pamphlet of *Taxation no Tyranny*, breathed, says his admirer, Mr. Boswell, a violence unsuitable to the mildness of a Christian philosopher, and directly opposite to the principles of peace. I have said he could be alternately insolent and mean; were he a gentleman of landed property he would send all his tenants to starve who did not vote for the candidate he supported, yet he wrote party pamphlets for administration, (when, says Boswell, they had not the face to ask their infidel pensioner Hume,) and

and submitted to have them revised by the clerks of the treasury.

Among other traits of his character, his vanity is not the least conspicuous: every man acquainted with the legal profession must see how ill fitted Johnson was to it; his pride would have found co-equal resistance; his impatience of contradiction would have excited ridicule; yet he suffered himself to be flattered with the idea of having lost the Seals: how would he have borne the rebuffs of political contention when he lost his temper if he was not attended to by all the company, and attacked his best friends with savage ferocity *? yet he lamented the loss of fancied consequence in parliament: and yet this vanity could submit to think and say that it was no small thing to dine with a Canon of Christ-church.

His narrowness of mind and illiberality burst forth in torrents of equal violence, though from different sources, against Scotland and America; of the former he observed, with ridiculous insolence, much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young; of the latter, with savage uncharitableness, I love all mankind, except an American; nor was it any great compliment

* Vol. II. p. 31.

to Ireland to say, the Irish are a *fair* people, they never praise each other * ; but if his opinions had been merely the fruits of laughable prejudice, they might have dropped into his grave, unnoticed and forgotten ; but when he says, that *it is not natural for man and woman to live in a married state, and that virtue is not preferable to vice, considering this world only*† Stamped with his mighty name, Robespierre himself might have thanked him for these detestable propositions.

In the second vol. p. 45, he expressly defends duelling. That the temptation to it is so strong, that man, proud man can scarcely resist it, because it is almost impossible to bear up against contempt and calumny, and the courage to refuse is too uncommon to be credited while that of risking life for imaginary honor is universal, every one will allow: but who will defend Dr. Johnson for seriously defending the practice, or what lawyer or moralist can foresee the consequences of this dictum coming from such an authority, *no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel* ; such are his very words, his piety itself could stoop to his paradox. Again, that conjugal infidelity in the husband, however to be abhorred, is more pardonable than in the wife, perhaps may be admitted ; but I know not

* All these sayings are recorded by Boswell.

† Vol. III. p. 71.

how many thousand husbands may like vastly to quote Dr. Johnson, saying, *a husband's infidelity is nothing*. It is a charming assertion to a wife from the very words of Dr. Johnson. "My dear, married women should not trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands." He was, it is true, ridiculously inconsistent; he was the avowed advocate for the innocence of Dr. Dodd; he drew his petition, yet look at third vol. p. 2, and you will find him saying, "A man who has been canting all his life, may cant to the last." His friend Garrick was a player—a shewman—a fellow who exhibited himself for a shilling; yet when he was dead, his like was not to be found. Johnson himself was a Jacobite; he was absurd enough to say in 1777, that the people of England were so too; a friend to the House of Stewart, yet a pamphleteer for the House of Hanover. Such a tiffue of inconsistencies is not often found.

I am aware that it may be argued from these inconsistencies, that many of the positions I have mentioned were not his serious opinions; that he was arguing against his own conviction; he said himself he often talked for victory*, Socrates too talked for victory, but it was for victory over rooted prejudices, and un-

* Vol. II. p. 201.

founded opinions. But is it the part of an ingenuous mind to support false positions in so serious a manner, that we are at least at a loss to know whether they were or were not his sentiments. If you could contrive, says B. to have his fair opinion on a subject without any bias, personal prejudice, or wish to be victorious in argument! But Mr. Boswell, who was the best judge, I suppose did contrive it, for he has certainly advanced most of the sentiments I have mentioned as his serious opinions, with very few doubts as to their being his decided doctrines, which doubts he always expresses when he had them; as for instance, he doubts of his being in earnest when he preferred Goldsmith as an historian to Robertson and Vertot; so do I; but I have no doubt that he meant to make an ungenerous use of the authority of his name to raise his friends and depress his competitors in studies in which Goldsmith did not excel; that he *affected* at least to be serious is plain, for he has inscribed on Goldsmith's tomb, the character of great historian and eminent naturalist. In the former branch he wrote a book for children, in the second made a compilation for rudimental scholars. Does Goldsmith's fame rest on these? No. I apprehend, on his Traveller and Deserted Village, and on one or two songs of great taste and exquisite feeling. Yet this extravagant admirer

admirer of Goldsmith, could see no merit in Swift*, in Mason, or in Gray.

These are a few of the many instances which I could have collected to determine, whether the character of Dr. Johnson was amiable or ingenuous, mild or liberal—whether his reasonings were fair or consistent; if these points must generally be concluded against him, they are concluded by Mr. Boswell, who has brought to light the hidden dross of his friend, and mistaken it for ore. I have said before had we judged of him merely from his writings, he would have appeared learned, pious and amiable. His writings are calculated to do infinite good in the world; they are fraught with strong remark and excellent morality. If their effect shall be at all lessened by recital of his private conversation, be it remembered, *Non Meus his Sermo, sed quem praecepit Boswellus.*

† In his critique on Gulliver's Travels, 2 vol. p. 186.

O F

JOHNSON,

AS A CRITIC.

THE department of criticism is so intimately connected with moral character, that the consideration of the latter, in the preceding Essay, naturally reminded me of the former subject.

Johnson was qualified to shine in the annals of criticism, by strong understanding—great memory—extensive reading.

But what does Chloe want? She wants a heart.

Can prejudice and intolerance, can partiality and brutishness be good ingredients of criticism*? The Critic should

* Let it not be supposed that I could have any personal dislike to Dr. Johnson, I never was in his company but once, invited by the kindness of Sir Joshua Reynolds, (the greatest possible favour to a young Templar) to dine at the same table with a number of eminent men, most of them since dead, even to have seen whom, is a grateful recollection at this day. Mr. Garrick, Mr. Dunning, Mr.

should have exquisite taste, and exquisite taste perhaps cannot exist without exquisite feeling; had Johnson such sensibility—such tenderness—such formation of heart, or playfulness of imagination, as enabled him properly to judge of the raptures of love, or of the wilds of fancy delineated in poetic imagery; he who said that 50,000 women would make you as happy as any one particular woman, and that all marriages might as well be made by the Lord Chancellor, was he qualified to sit in judgment upon Waller?

Could the frigidity of cold correctness be sensible of the warm delusions of ideal transport. As well might the frozen sage sit in judgment on the sportive fancy of playful youth, dressing for a masquerade. Perhaps great genius never was attended with great correctness, it rises to faults that true critics dare not mend. The sketches

Mr. Burke, and Mr. Gibbon, were of the company. Yet there was no opportunity for the display of Dr. Johnson's talents, the conversation being (as it often is among great men, in the hour of relaxation, to the surprize of the vulgar, who think that talents must be always on the stretch) extremely trifling. The most important topic started was on the danger of reading in bed, on which Johnson spoke with grandiloquence of the non locomotive faculties of a candle, and the only pleasant thing said, was addressed to a gentleman then famous as well for festive as serious talents, that he alone deserved that licence, as he never was in bed at night.

of the poet must not be absurd, nor fraught with contradictions, but they may be unfinished, though bold.

Johnson seems to imagine that every image must be distinct; perfectly contoured like a sensible object, otherwise that it is absurd; he seems to think no image correct that could not be represented in painting; No idea can be more false. Images, as I have said, must not be absurd, but they may be indistinct; they may change their shapes and yet not be repugnant; like aerial beings, half seen behind a fleeting, yet beauteous cloud. As imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen, one person may be able to reduce them to shape, another not, or in a less degree; but this hinders not that he may have a beautiful though an indistinct vision. Give me leave to mention a few instances of Johnson's criticisms from his Lives of the Poets, and then try whether by like canons of criticism, any the most beautiful poetic passages may not seem to be rendered ridiculous. I will (not to tire the reader) select two remarkable criticisms, the first on Addison, the latter on Pope. Addison says, in the letter from Italy:

Fir'd with that name,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
'That longs to launch into a nobler strain.

I see

I see nothing ridiculous in these lines, the words *bridle* and *launch* have by common and frequent use lost their figurative meaning, and mean no more than controul and enter upon. Perhaps their figurative sense does not occur to one man in a hundred that uses them. Yet see how ridiculous the critic makes this passage, "To
 " *bridle* a *Goddeſs* is, ſays he, rather a ridiculous idea,
 " but why muſt ſhe be bridled? Be cauſe ſhe longs to
 " *launch*, an act which never was hindered by a *bridle*;
 " and whither will ſhe *launch*? Into a nobler ſtrain:
 " ſhe is in the firſt line a *horſe*, in the ſecond a *boat*, and
 " the care of the poet is, to keep his *horſe* and his *boat*
 " from ſinging." Now, I aſk the candid reader, whether this critique be fair, or whether he believes that the idea of a *boat* or a *horſe*, were ever in Mr. Addiſon's mind on this occaſion.

Pope has made his *Eloifa* ſay:

The well-ſung woes ſhall ſoothe my penſive Ghoſt,

He beſt can paint them, who ſhall feel them moſt.

Heaven! what man but *Johnſon* at the end of that rapturous and exquisite poem, could freeze into this criticism on theſe its concluding lines: " *Martial* exploits
 " may be painted—perhaps woes may be painted: but
 " they are ſurely not painted by being well ſung—it
 " is not eaſy to paint in ſong, nor to ſing in colours."

Can

Can any criticism be more childish? Does not the orator every day, speak of painting the character of his adversary or his friend, in shocking or in glowing colours, without absurdity, without reproof, and without shock to the most fastidious ear, yet we cannot speak, any more than sing in colours.

Melancholy, says Eloisa,

Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Is any man insensible to their beauty and effect? yet how absurd would they appear, or rather how absurd the frigid critic who should observe upon them thus:

“ Breathe a browner horror on the woods; I do
“ not know the meaning of breathing brown, more
“ than of breathing blue or black; less can I under-
“ stand the sense of breathing horror, nothing can be
“ breathed but air, it may be horrid air indeed, but
“ that is not horror.” Are you sure gentle reader,
that you would have positively sworn this was not
one of Johnson’s criticisms if you had not been pre-
pared for it? What might not be made ridiculous
in this way?

Oh!

Oh! for a Muse of fire——

Says Shakespeare, in his enthusiastic prologue to Henry V. Can any one represent to himself, says Dr. Johnson, a Muse made of fire, singing or rather crackling the praises of heroes. No, reader, he has not said it, but I should not be surprized if he had.—*A heaven of invention*—what kind of heaven would this same heaven of invention be; but I will not tire you with instances to shew how totally such critiques must damp and stupify all poetic energy.

Take another instance:

When mighty William's thundering arm prevailed.

Is an admired line of Pope; yet, if we call for a picture of a *thundering* arm, or a cold explanation of its strict meaning, how ridiculous will it become.

Yet Johnson, in his life of Dryden, admits that images may be elegant and magnificent without being just, and that a Poet may tread on *the brink of meaning*, approach the *precipice of absurdity*, and hover over *the abyss of unideal vacancy*, without producing nonsense: from the author of these admissions we might have expected more indulgence.

The truth is, Johnson had not poetic enthusiasm,
which

which the Poet has a right to expect from his reader, and which would hurry him away too much into the vortex of general effect, to suffer him to stay and analyze each petty mole; it is like anatomizing a beauty with a surgeon's knife, and then saying she is very ugly when she has been flayed. To search for deformities is what the lover and the admirer never thinks of; Johnson thought of nothing else. These lines of Waller seem to me replete with elegance as well as rapture :

Some other Nymphs with colours faint
And pencil flow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy ;
She has a stamp and prints the boy,
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

Here, says he, the images are not distinct. Love, as a person, is confounded with Love as a passion.

It may be true, but I believe no body would have thought of it, had not the critic pointed it out, nor would the critic have thought it either, if he had felt the transport of the Poet and his poetic readers. It is as if the finest strain of Music were interrupted to admire some flaw in the performers coat; but in truth here is no flaw, here is no confusion, there is a *complex*

plex meaning, it could not be painted certainly, but it can be comprehended without confusion.

Apply the same species of criticism to the following lines of Milton :

And universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring.

The figure of Pan I have often seen, I should be glad that any one would paint me *universal* Pan. The Poet here does the very thing which Johnson condemns in Waller : he confounds, as Johnson would say, Pan the God, with Pan signifying mystically universal Nature ; and so he may, the mind is fully capacious enough to contain the two meanings at once, the allegorical and the real. Pan is not confounded with Nature, but Nature and its Deity are at once represented to the mind in a complex and beautiful image ; complexity is not confusion. I have heard a painter observe, that landscape never has a more happy effect than seen through the gentle haze of a Summer's morning ; such is my idea of poetic vision. It need not be always clear, though it must not be monstrous nor perverted.

Thus I have fairly and honestly expressed my sentiments respecting Dr. Johnson, prompted no doubt in

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some

some measure by indignation at the passive obedience paid to his name, and by resentment at his reflections on a country which I love. I know the risk I run, and the pains and penalties which may naturally follow this discussion, yet there is such a charm in liberty of speech, that I shall be inclined to risk it, although the kind monitor Prudence may forbid. The fair sex will not be angry at my censuring a man, who said, *none but a fool ever married for love*, and his admirers must recollect his own doctrine, though it is not by me approved, *always treat your adversary with harshness and contempt*. I cannot say, like the modest Mr. Boswell (when advised by Dr. Johnson not to publish, on some occasion) "I believe I shall follow my own opinion notwithstanding, for the world has shewn a very flattering partiality to my writings," and I know the danger that *novi homines* in the literary world run of being stifled by the weight of mighty authority, and pecked by the broods of flatterers that hover under its wing.

NOTES ON POPE.

AN excellent friend of mine not long since deceased*, whose kindness to me will ever be remembered, having lived in the latter days of Pope, and been acquainted with most of the eminent men of that period; and retaining in his recollection the first appearance of his works, and the way in which they were then understood, was so good one evening of leisure, to comply with my desire of explaining some passages in his Essays, already become difficult to us, after the lapse of only half a century. I lamented his aversion to the trouble of commenting upon an author, whose works independent of their poetical merit, form a kind of allusive history of the times, but being unable to prevail on him to undertake it, I was determined to preserve as much of these anecdotes as I could, and thought they might be worthy of the attention of posterity. I was in doubt whether to publish these little explanations, or to send

* The late Dean of C——k.

them to a gentleman of eminence, who as I had heard intended to comment on Pope *, when the observations on Pope by Mr. Wakefield appeared, in which I found most of my intended notes on that great Poet anticipated, (chiefly through the researches of a very learned and respected Prelate of the same church and district with my ingenious friend||), and that so compleatly, that I doubted much whether I should take any notice of the subject or no. But having observed that some doubts are expressed as to a few of the passages, of whose meaning my learned friend (a man of that day) had no doubt—that one or two were by him differently interpreted, and some very few elucidated, on which Mr. Wakefield is silent, I thought the literary curious world might perhaps thank me even for these few, as well as for mentioning his coincidences in opinion, when, in confirmation of Mr. Wakefield's explanations.

Second Moral Essay, line 53.

Narcissa's nature tolerably mild

To make a wash would hardly stew a child.

These lines left unexplained by Mr. Wakefield, alluded, according to him, to a strange and ridiculous tale

* Mr. M——c.

|| The present Bishop of C——c.

then

then reported of Lady Catherine Pelham, who having no children after the supposed fact, her subsequent barrenness was said to be a judgment on her.

Third Moral Essay, line 101.

The good Bishop. *Hoadley.*

Wakefield says *Sutton.*

Third Moral Essay, 129.

The crown of Poland venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage,
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold——

Who these personages were is explained both in the notes of Warburton and of Wakefield, but neither of them mention that these two extraordinary persons *inter-married*, as I am informed they did, and as indeed seems to be intimated by the line :

Congenial souls, whose life one avarice joins.

Gage was uncle I believe to the late General.

Narves, line 89.

My friend did not suppose to mean any particular
person.

person. Wakefield says it was reported to mean Mr. Nash of Bath.

By the two Cottas in the third Epistle, which Mr. Wakefield supposes to be real characters, but does not know who were meant, my friend understood, if I have not much erred, Arthur Moore, a Lord of Trade in queen Anne's time, and James Moore, his son.

Fourth of the Moral Essays, v. 20.

Mr. Wakefield's work doubts whether Bubo meant Bub Doddington, Lord Melcombe. Of this my friend said no doubt was entertained at the time.

Prologue to the Satires, line 100.

Still to one Bishop——

I enquired in vain who this Bishop was.

Line 280.

Sir Will or Bubo——

Sir William Young and Doddington.

Imitation of Satire 1st. v. 49.

F. loves the Senate, Hockley-Hole his brother.

These

These persons Mr. Wakefield makes to be Mr. Fox and his brother Lord Ilchester. My friend said they were Finches, two brothers of the then Lord Winchelsea.

Epistle 6th v. 122.

K———l's lewd cargo or Ty———y's crew.

Kinnoul and *Tyrawley*.

Mr. Wakefield has not noted the line.

Epistle 1st. 2nd book, line 112.

S——t's is *supposed* in Wakefield to be *Schuts*. My friend had no doubt of it.

Epistle 2nd, v. 229.

He thought that D—————

Which Mr. Wakefield makes to be *Devonshire*, means *Delaware*.

Ditto, v. 273.

All Townshend's turnips.

Lord T. was the supposed author of feeding cattle with turnips. But the French did it long before, as appears from the statistical returns made from the Provinces to Lewis XIV. in the last century.

2d Satire

2d Satire, line 122.

As M——o! was, but not at 5 per cent.

Marlborough.

Ditto, v, 175, 177.

Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemsley once proud Buckingham's delight,
Sinks to a scrivener or a city knight.

Lord Grimstone got Bacon's mansion near St. Albans'.
The knight was Duncombe of Yorkshire.

Epilogue to the Satires.

Line 16. In reverend Bishops.

Sutton is meant.

67. Favonio; at first it was *Tyrconnell*.

Line 72. That first was H—vy's F—'s. next.—

Hervey's, Fox's. This is explained in Wakefield.

82. All parts performed, and all her children
blest.

Mr.

Mr. Wakefield says, that but for the authority of the B——p of C——e he should have supposed this was a compliment to the Queen. My friend told me that no body doubted the satiric meaning applied to her at the time.

92. Immortal S——k and grave D——e,
Selkirk, Delaware.

131. Let modest Foster.
Foster was a Presbyterian preacher,

Epilogue to the Satires, 2d Dialogue.

V. 120. Or Japhet pocket like his grace a will.

This alludes to king George the First's will, conveyed by the then archbishop of Canterbury to George the Second.

V. 238. The stars he explained by Kent and
Grafton, as they are explained in Wakefield.

In the next line,

Mordington he told me was a very unworthy Scotch
peer.

2 Donne. 36. *Sutton* one of the Charitable Corporation; he had been in Deacon's orders.

4th Donne. 256. Peace fools, or *Gonson* will for Papists serve you.

Gonson was a Westminster Justice véry violent against the Papists.

Dunciad, Book 1st.

Line 168. The poet Laureat got, or was supposed to get, a but of Sack.

Line 216. Even *Ralph* reports.

Ralph the historian.

V. 309. *Archer* the groom Porter.

Book. 2.

V. 116. And whisk them back to *Evans*, Young and Swift.

Evans was a clergyman of no great note, but of Pope's party.

Ver. 295.

V. 295. Then * essayed.

Thought the asterisk means *Aaron Hill*.

398. *Blackmore's Arthur*.

3d Book, 329.

While Wren with sorrow to his grave descends.

Wren's only sorrow was leaving his place and Benson's getting it; Benson who erected Ben Johnson's monument.

Dunciad Book 4th.

Narcissus, Lord Harvey. The parson, Middleton. Montalto, Sir Thomas Hanmer.

V. 194. Tho' Christ Church long kept prudishly away.

Christ Church long a Tory college, and superior in taste and publications.

V. 272. Walker, Vice Chancellor. The mention of pupil in the preceding line alludes to Bentley's avidity for pupils.

340. Did not know who Paridel was.

347. Annius meant a doctor Kennedy of that character.

Leaden G——t. *Gilbert* afterwards archbishop of York.

He mentioned to me a very great number of explanations besides, but I find myself anticipated in them all by Mr. Wakefield.

Among other observations my friend told me, that the publication of the *Dunciad* did not raise the character of Pope in the public estimation, and his ready mutation of the hero Tibbald to Cibber did him prejudice.

I am sorry I cannot make this little sketch more worthy of notice. , Had it not been for Mr. Wakefield's publication I could; but trifling as it may appear, some Commentator may be obliged to me for it.

ON

SIMILARITY OF LANGUAGES.

WHO can doubt that all languages proceeded originally from one common stock; the similarity of words in the languages of nations the most remote from each other prove it: I have always thought it one of the strongest confirmations of the Mosaic history. Mr. Vic. Knox has instanced in a variety of words common to the Greek and the English languages; their similarities had often been observed before even in idiom, and some have endeavoured to account for them from supposed emigrations from Constantinople to England, on the destruction of the Eastern empire. But perhaps the same might be found in any other language; where less probably than in the Persian, that of one of the most remote countries in the East: yet not only the construction and formation of the Persian and English languages are remarkably similar, but there are also many words wholly or nearly alike*; thus
fukar

* My knowledge of Persian at present goes little further than a diligent perusal of the grammar of Sir W. Jones, and the exercise of translating some short works, the amusement of a tedious illness: but the instances may be found in any Persian vocabulary. The beautiful simplicity of the language and its uncommon freedom from irregularities

fukar is *sugar*; fhireen a *fyren*; shrab or shrub—*wine*; bad—*bad*; burden to *bear*; peeri a *fairy*; bufs a *kiss*; beden—to *be*; peer—an *old man*; teer or tear—*moist*; pahar—*four*; doo—*two*; lib—a *lip*; famin—*jeffamine*; best—*best*, the superlative of good; femiseer—a *scymeter*; anber—*amber*; musk—*musk*; nam—a *name*; to—*thou*; oe—*he*; ain or ein, the *eye*; eisar—*easy*; Nerkes—a *Narcissus*, &c. &c. To the Latin as many similarities might be found, ke is *who qui*; Jecur, though not a liver, signifies a *heart* *. There is no end of these similarities, they do not proceed I am convinced from any particular connection between the countries; what connection had England with Persia except for a very short time through a little factory at Ispahan and Gombroon, and in our days at Baffora; it proceeds I am persuaded from all nations, springing originally from one common stock, and having had one common language †.

ties, make it highly alluring; and will not suffer him who tastes to cease from prosecuting its study.

* So Lees—a *lion*; barbit—a *lute or harp, Barbiton*; Est—it is, daden—to *give*; mul wine—*mulsum*.

† Since writing the above the general observation in the text is even narrowed by some hints afforded from conversation with a noble lord great in arts and arms; whose life, whose character, whose studies and whose spirit form a striking contrast to the frivolities of the age; and by perusal of the works of a learned general, whose exertions disgrace by comparison many men of learned professions. I am thereby convinced that however remote in place, both the Persians and the Aboriginal inhabitants of these isles branched forth from one and the same Oriental nation.

AN
OBSERVATION

ON THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE.

IN considering the last subject of the similarity of languages, I had occasion to observe, as every scholar has, the strong affinity between the Latin and Spanish languages: but a query which occurred to me I do not recollect to have seen remarked, which is, whence it is that this affinity is greater than even between the Italian and Roman languages spoken by the inhabitants of the same parent soil. If it be said that the Roman colony was less permuted by barbarian incursions than the parent state, I believe the assertion will not be supported by history; for the wreck of Spain by the Vandals from the North, and the Saracens from the South, was at least as violent as that of any other of the dismembered portions of this Colossean empire. Yet it seems to me that the

Latin

Latin language in Spain has with more energy withstood invasion than in any other country, with little evidence of impression from without, except in some mutation of termination and interchange of letters of the same organ. I had been often told that the great intermixture of Arabic in the Spanish language rendered it very difficult to the Latin scholar; I cannot perceive it. I know nothing of Arabic, but much the greater part of the words in Spanish appear to me to be either usual Latin words, or at least those of the *Mediæ Latinitatis*; many of them which I supposed at first to be perfectly strange to me, and conjectured to be of Arabic extraction, I afterwards found in Du Fresne's Glossary and books of this kind. It may be amusing perhaps to the reader to see one or two examples; I have taken them almost at random from the beginning, middle and end of the book most familiar to us all, *Don Quixote*.

This delightful Romance begins thus:

En un lugar de la Mancha de cuyo nombre non quiero
In uno loco de la Mancha de cujus nomine non curo

Accodarme non ha mucho tiempo que vivia un
Recordarime non habet multum tempus quod vivebat unus

Hidalgo

Hidalgo de los de lanza in astillero, adarca
*Filius de aliquo de illis de lancea in hastilero * targa †*

Antigua rosin ‡ Flaco et Galgos § corredor. Una olla de algo
Antiqua rosino flacco et Gallico currente. Una olla de aliquo

Mas vaca que Carnero ||
Magis vacca quam Carnerii, &c. &c.

Open the volume in the middle where the Captive re-
 counts his story.

En un lugar de las montanas de Leon tuvo
*In uno loco de illis montibus de Leon treuvabat ***

Principio mi lineage con Quien fue mas agradecida y
Principium mea linea cum Qua fuit magis graciosa et

Liberal la naturaleza, que La fortuna, aunque en la
Liberalis natura, quam fortuna, unde in illa

* From Hastile.

† Targa or adarca, is a target. In Du Fresne.

‡ Runcinus or roscinus, a horse. Du Fresne.

§ Gallicus canis, is a greyhound.

|| *Carnerius* In the middle latinity or latinity of the lower ages signifies a sheep.

** *Treuvare* a word of middle latinity. See Dictionaire de Tre-
 voux.

Estrechezza de aquellos Pueblos Toda via alcanzava mi
Strictura de illis Populis Tota vita acquisivit meus*

Padre fama de rico, y Verdaderamente lo fuera, si
Pater famam de divite, et Veramente † illud fuit si

Asò se dièra mana a Conservar su hacienda,
Sic se dabat manum ad Conservandam suam habendam,

Como se la dava en Gastalla y la condicion
Quam se illam dabat in Vastando illam et illa conditio

Que tenia de ser liberal Y Gastador proeedio de
Quam tenebat de esse liberalis Et Vastator procedebat de

Aver fido soldado los años De su Juventud
Habere existens miles † illis annis De sua Juventute.

Take now an instance from the end of the volume,
 the epitaph on Dulcinea.

* Alcanzava is certainly Arabick by the Al. I know nothing of Arabick, and very little of Hebrew, but I know that *Kana* is acquisivit in Hebrew קנה.

† *Veramente* I own is a word of my own making, but suppose it *Revera.*

‡ I translate the words literally without regarding the Latin Syntax.

Repofa

Reposa aqui Dulcinea

Y aunque* de carnes rolliza,†

La bolvio en polvo y ceniza,

La Muerte espantable y fea.

Reposita hic Dulcinea

Et encora de carne rollizata

Illam volvit in pulverem & cineres

Illa Mors paventabilis et foeda.

See Dictionnaire de Trevoux.

Thus in three instances taken carelessly and at random from the beginning, middle and end of a volume, we have found but one word—*Alcanzava*, which is not evidently Latin;—how easy must this render the language to a Latin scholar?

Surely this language, if Spain had flourished and followed the councils of wisdom, is the language most truly deserving the epithet of *Alto Sonoro* and *Significativo*, and most happily formed to express the ideas of the historian or the orator.

* Aunque the Italian Encore is derived by some from *in* and *eoram*, by others from *in banc horam*. See Dictionnaire de Trevoux.

† Rolliza is from rollus or rotulus—a roll, here metaphorically a bundle of flesh.

What pity that its present dearth of productive literature should compel the world to search for novelty and genius under the harsh uncouth veil of the language of the Germans, who in Poetry and imagination at least, seemed to have gained a fair pre-eminence in the present day.

ON THE SITE

OF THE

VALLEY OF TEMPE.

THE delight which in early life I received from the enchanting descriptions of Greece given us by the ancients, made me subsequently take pleasure (being prevented by circumstances from treading that classic ground) in perusing the works of modern travellers in search of descriptions of its present situation. I enquired for Tempe—the celebrated Tempe, but found no modern delineation of its existing beauties, nor even a voyager who seemed well to know its very site; nay, a geographer of the first name and character, Busching, positively asserting to me that it was unknown. I was disappointed; for who is alive to the delights of real or imaginary landscape? who has felt poetic enchantment or recollects the fancied scenes formed by the creative youthful mind, superior to those which eye has seen or nature planned, that does not remember the extatic charms annexed to the Vale of Tempe by the conjoined colourings

colourings of real geography and poetic illusion? who has not longed to be transported to those blissful regions (always supposed infinitely superior to the realms which he inhabits from the deception of distance and mist of antiquity) where

Est nemus Hæmoniae prærupta quod undique claudit
Silva: vocant Tempe: per quæ Penëus ab imo
Effusus Pindo, spumosis volvitur undis,
Dejectuque gravi, tenues agitantia fumos
Nubila conducit, summasque aspergine filvas
Impluit; & sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat.

Ovid lib. 1st.

Or if we prefer an English dress, where

The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects perpetual Tempe's pleasant scene;
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of Silvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns.

Akenfide.

Would it not seem an object naturally occurring to every traveller into Turkey to search for the remains at least of beauty, in what was once the seat of Apollo and the *acmè* of rural charms with the ancient muse? How

are

are we disappointed by finding scarcely a modern traveller who has paid a visit to Theffaly, while Bœotia and Phocis have had numerous describers. The country of Achilles; the region of the battle of Pharsalia; the favourite scene of poetic creation; should seem to have claimed a little more attention. The consequence is, that the site of Tempe is controverted or unknown, and Busching himself, as I have observed, says, *On la cherche aujourd'hui & on ne la reconnait plus**.

Cellarius before him had expressed his difficulties on the point as a geographer, and no modern traveller having resolved them, it is therefore a point of geography still to be determined, and in that light also, perhaps worthy in some degree, of the attention of a literary society||.

Cellarius owns himself puzzled by the epithet given by Catullus, *Pthiotica Tempe*. But that difficulty seems easily removed by the recollection that there were several Tempe's, and might have been one in Pthiotis.

* I quote this from the 8th volume of a duodecimo edition of Busching in French, printed at Lanfaune 1780. In the English translation of his work in the Library of Trinity College Dublin, there is no such passage.

|| This Essay was originally intended for the Royal Irish Academy.

Thus

Thus Ovid, lib. 7. speaks of Cyneia Tempe which was a place in Bœotia, from the fable of Cynus : But the Tempe usually meant by the Poets was in Theffaly, and both Ovid and Horace distinguish it from the others, by calling it Theffala Tempe *, and in the 4th Georgick we have "Pastor Aristæus fugiens Peneia Tempe.

And Theocritus speaks of *Καλα Πενίω*

Καλα Τίμπι. The Peneus we know ran through Theffaly.

The only modern travellers of any note through Theffaly, whose works have occurred to me, are Paul Lucas, in the beginning of this century, and Bishop Pocock at a later period, for neither Wheeler nor Spon, nor Chandler, touched upon this district. Lucas roundly asserts, that he passed through the valley of Tempe, on whose beauty he bestows some general encomiums, in one or two short lines, without saying upon whose testimony, or from what indications he pronounced this handsome vale to be Tempe itself. His description is too general to be detected ; yet from some coarse features of it, and the general direction of his journey, I think the reader has every reason to imagine that the name was affixed, and the spot ascer-

* See Ovid lib. 2. l. 227. and Horace lib. 1. Ode 7.

tained only by the warmth of his fancy; he certainly afforded no light to Pococke who followed him, since he seems as dubious as any person as to its position. He says, "After sleeping at the foot of Mount Offa
" on the 20th of September, the next morning we
" went to the convent of St. Demetrias, on the side of
" the hill over Patra." This place is about two leagues from the river Peneus, which rises in Mount Pindus; the greatest part of the way being a rich narrow plain not a mile broad, which *may be* the pleasant fields of Tempe, that are described to be five miles long, and of the breadth of half an acre at the mouth of the Peneus. But so far was he from being determined that this was the situation of them, that he afterwards chuses another site, and says, "On the 22d we came into a valley
" about two leagues long and two miles broad, in which
" we went to the South, the river Peneus running
" along the North side of the plain, toward the East.
" We went Southward between the hills which are to
" the West, and crossed some low hills into that large
" plain in which Larissa is situated, about two leagues
" further on the river Peneus. *It is much to be doubted,*
" whether the first of these plains was not the *fields*
" of Tempe. As some authors mention, that the Peneus
" passed through the fields of Tempe, and *then* between
" Olympus and Offa, though others speak of them

“ as at the mouth of the Peneus.” Thus far Pococke, who here is in great doubt between two places at some distance from each other, passed by on two different days—one two leagues from Larissa, the other near the mouth of the Peneus.

Of all the travellers who ever trod on classic ground, (excepting perhaps Chandler) Dr. Pococke seems to have possessed the least enthusiasm, and to have been the least inspired by the scenes which he describes. “ These,” says he, “ may be perhaps the pleasant fields of Tempe “ described by the Poets.” I wish he had condescended to tell us whether they were pleasant now or not; would it not have been natural to expect from the fervent breast which could brave danger and hardship to explore these poetic regions, some burst of rapture on their beauty, or some effusion of sorrow over their devastation? No! his mention of them is naked, cold and lifeless, and the only apology that can be made for it is, that Pococke seems to have had his mind much more engaged with certain bastinadoes, with which he was just then threatened, than with any beauties which fancy could suggest, or which landscape could exhibit. That the country of Thessaly is still beautiful and capable of exciting rapturous emotion, appears from the animated description of it in Busching, which I have annexed at the end of this
short

short disquisition. But the truth is, as I apprehend, that Pococke not only felt no classic emotion, but also that he was negligent and unobservant when he elected either of the sites by him mentioned for the position of Tempe, and that the celebrated Busching, who chuses the one nearest Larissa, has also manifestly erred. He, (Busching) says, “ *On connaît la description de la vallée de Tempe dans Ælien; on la cherche aujourd’hui, et On ne la recon- nait plus: on soupçonne cependant qu’elle est une plaine, qu’on trouve a deux lieues de Larisses entre cette ville et la Mer: le Pénée y coule vers le nord; elle a deux lieues de long, a moins d’une de large, et elle est environnée de Montagnes assez basses qu’on pourrait rendre fertiles.* Here, Busching, (as I have said) chuses the site mentioned by Pococke, within six miles of Larissa, in preference to that near the mouth of the Peneus. My reason for disapproving this opinion will appear in the following short attempt to fix its true site, first premising, that from Larissa to the mouth of the Peneus is about twenty-two miles.

It may seem an odd attempt, that of settling the site of a place, situated in a country which the writer never visited, but it must be remembered, that few even of professed geographers have visited the countries they delineate, and if I follow the rules of investigation, and

determination of positions laid down by true geography, I have only to fear the lack of ability in applying the aid of those guides, in a case where actual observation has failed us, and modern travellers have left us uninformed. The guides I have alluded to will readily occur to the mind, and though not by him enumerated, may be easily collected from a work where their use has been admirably exemplified: the justly extolled memoirs of Major Rennell on Indostan.

First, The internal marks and description of the place.

Secondly, The distance from known spots.

Thirdly, Its bearing to particular points.

Fourthly, The longitude and latitude.

Fifthly, The ways or roads that led through the place fought, from known spots to known spots.

Let us see what information we have on any of these points in the present case.

The valley of Tempe is particularly described by Livy, by Pliny, and by Ælian; observe whether their descriptions in any respect coincide with Pococke's or with Busching's of the plain near Larissa.

Pliny, lib. 4. chap. 8. says, "Peneus inter Oſſam &
Olympum

" Olympum nemorosa convalle defluens quingentis sta-
 " diis, dimidio ejus spatii navigabilis, in eo cursu Tempe
 " vocantur, quinque mille passuum longitudine et ferme
 " sesqui jugeri latitudine, ultra visum hominis attollenti-
 " bus se dextra lævaque leniter convexis jugis; inter ad-
 " labitur Peneus viridis calculo, amænus circa ripas gra-
 " mine, canorus avium concentu.

Ælian Histor. lib. 3 chap. 1. coincides so exactly
 with Pliny, that I need not transcribe the passage. Livy
 makes it rather horrible than beautiful. "*Tempe* saltus
 " etiam si non bello fiat infestus, est transitu difficilis,
 " nam præter angustias per quinque millia, quæ exiguum
 " jumento onusto iter est, rupes utrinque ita abscissæ
 " sunt, ut despici vix sine vertigine quadam simul oculo-
 " rum animique possit; terret et sonitus et altitudo per
 " mediam vallem fluentis Penei amnis.

From these descriptions it clearly appears that Tempe
 was a narrow beautiful wooded rocky glyn, with a found-
 ing river flowing through the bottom, between steep and
 lofty banks, along which the passage was extremely dif-
 ficult. It was a military pass, as appears from Herodo-
 tus, where the Greeks in the Persian war first intended
 to make a stand, before they thought of Thermopyle.
 It has always presented itself to my imagination as re-
 sembling

sembling that celebrated pass of Kyllcrankie, where Lord Dundee, with mistaken heroism, made his unfortunate stand; the most beautiful scene which met my eyes in that most romantic region the Highlands of Scotland. But whether my imagination be fallacious or not, what resemblance can be found between the vale described by the ancients, and "a valley of two miles in breadth, lined with low hills." (says Pococke) "affez baffes" (says Busching) and capable of great fertility and cultivation.

Pococke talks of *the fields of Tempe*; he will not find any fields of Tempe, I believe, mentioned by any of the ancient authors; they speak of a very narrow streight between hills or mountains, of a breadth at bottom scarce sufficient to let the rapid stream roll under the beauteous scenery which painted its wooded, craggy sides. Pococke, instead of making the Peneus roll in the midst of a glyn, describes it in one of the places which he supposes to be Tempe, as gliding along the north side of a plain; and at the other as not passing through it at all; can there be a doubt that he was mistaken as to both.

From the descriptions of the poets we can derive no great light. The "*Zephyris agitata Tempe*" of Horace,
and

and the "*Frigida Tempe*" of Virgil; The Epithets *umbrosa*, *nemorosa*, *opaca*, *virentia*, are constantly bestowed on this oft sung dale, but woods will perish, and barbarism will destroy. These are bad landmarks, we must look for others. The mountain will still raise its head, and the river will not cease to flow. Olympus, (though a modern, might not chuse it for one of the steps of his ladder to heaven) is yet a mile high, and the rapid Peneus is well known to Turkish Greece by the name of Salampria. That the Peneus rolled through the middle of it I have repeatedly said, and am confirmed in the assertion by Pliny, Strabo and Ovid, but the two first-mentioned authors have thrown such lights on one of the methods of investigation I mentioned, viz. its bearing to particular objects, that I marvel how it could have been mistaken; it appeared to them that Tempe was directly between Ossa and Olympus. The fact is, the vale is actually formed by some of the heights of Olympus to the west and Ossa to the east. How then Pococke and Busching could possibly have departed from these mountains to look for it elsewhere cannot easily be accounted for.

As to its distance from other known spots, the destruction of cities and alteration of names in the progress of ages renders this aid less attainable. I am much
mistaken

mistaken, however, if there be not in some modern maps a town on the Peneus nearly resembling in name the *Phalanna* mentioned by Strabo, page 671. *Phalanna est ad Peneum prope Tempe*. The town of Gonni, if any trace of such a town can be found at this day, was at the entrance of it: it was, together with the mountains Pelion and Ossa, subject to Demetrias. Strabo, p. 666. Demetrias exists by the same name to this day, at least in a convent where Pococke sojourned. The *Magnates* lived within it, says Strabo, from the Peneus to Pelium.

From observations of longitude and latitude, if the ancient geographers had distinguished their planispheres in that manner which they have not, we could not derive much aid, without very accurate observations indeed to determine the preference of positions distant from one another but by a few miles, but from the last aid above enumerated, as pointed out by geography, I mean the ways that led through Tempe from known spots to known spots, much may be discovered. From the passage in Herodotus above-mentioned, relating the original intention of the Greeks to oppose the Persians at this celebrated station; and from the 17th book of Polybius, it appears that Tempe was the only passage from the lower Macedonia into Thessaly, and consequently a

pass

pass of the utmost importance. There were but two passes from this strong country of Thessaly into Macedonia, and one of these was Tempe, a pass so difficult that Livy thinks, lib. 44. that if Perseus had not been stupified with terror he might perhaps have made the Roman consul dearly repent his advancing to a place where almost his only retreat was through this *saltus*, as it is termed by the historian. On the least observant eye, though not a military one, I should suppose so strong a pass between two districts of country, must obtrude itself. When Pompey had lost the battle of Pharsalia, it appears from Florus, lib. 4. that he took his way through Tempe, from Larissa to the sea: And Plutarch, in his Life of Pompey, says, that he fled from Pharsalia, passed by Larissa, then through Tempe, and so to the sea. As I suppose he took the direct and shortest line in his then situation, and we have two points in that line*, we have here the direction of it and of Tempe. That with all these landmarks Tempe has not been accurately known seems extraordinary, but it must be remembered that the journey from Constantinople to

* The field of Pharsalia I apprehend is pretty well known: there were two Pharsalus's, the old and new; the Enipeus flowed by the new, and the battle was fought between the Enipeus and the old. Pococke seems to have no doubt as to the situation of the plain of Pharsalia.

Athens is attended with difficulty and danger; it is not therefore a common route, and Thessaly is seldom visited, while the Ægean sea and the coasts of Asia Minor have been often and repeatedly explored.

But that Pococke, who did perform this perilous tour, should have been so negligent as ever to chuse for his first site a plain extended to the Peneus, from the convent of Demetrias, through the middle of which no river whatever appears to have run, is unpardonable, especially as I am inclined to think that he really did pass through Tempe, without once conjecturing where he was, for in one place he says, "He travelled on the east side of the Peneus, where the road seems to have been levelled by cutting away the rock at the foot of *Mount Ossa*, the road leads to the S. W. for about two leagues, the river being in some parts very narrow, so that it might be confined in great rains, and cause the flood of Deucalion. Some say the passage was enlarged by an earthquake, and the poets feigned that the giants put *Ossa* on *Pelion* and *Olympus*, and made way for the river to pass freely." Compare this with the descriptions already quoted, and with the surmise of Strabo, that the Peneus burst its way between *Ossa* and *Olympus*, and formed Tempe, and judge whether this may not be the very spot.

These

These hints may possibly induce some future traveller to investigate the true position of this poetic ground, and though I cannot pretend to say his pains would be repaid by any real service to the cause of literature, they certainly would give pleasure to the classic mind.

THE

DESCRIPTION OF THESSALY,

BY BUSCHING,

ABOVE ALLUDED TO.

La *janua* quoique mal peuplée, et qui ne l'est guere que par des hommes mechans et paresseux, est fertile et riante—Elle produit des oranges, des citrons, des lemons, des grenades, des raisins tres doux, des figues excellentes, des melons exquis, des amandes, des olives, du cotton, des vins que les uns trouvent bons et d'autres mauvais et divers fruits. C'est de là que viennent les Chataignes qui prennent leur nom de la ville de Castania, ses Boeufs etoient aussi célèbres que ses Chevaux, ses habitans sont bien faits et de bonne mine; ils ne sont pas heureux dans un pays qui les appelle à l'être; ses paturages sont excellens arrosés par une multitude de ruisseaux divisés en

leur petits canaux naturels. Ses Collines embellies, par la nature, ses Monts les Gorges et les Vallées qu'ils forment, les plaines qui le separent, présentent un aspect enchanteur; une multitude d'arbres le long des ruisseaux y donnent un ombrage frais aux bergers, et aux troupeaux; l'air y est sain; le bled, le miel y abondent, et dans le riche pays, des mets salés, du pain noir, et des fruits secs, sont la nourriture des hommes qui y vivent.

O N T H E

P A S S I O N O F G R I E F .

I DO not believe that so much nonsense has been exhausted on any passion as that of grief. Those who have not felt it sincerely, cannot describe it, and those who have are too much agitated at the time of its extreme violence to describe its effects, and when freed by time from their misery, find the recollection too painful to admit of analyzation. The descriptions of it therefore are poetical not natural. It is made to exhaust itself in complaint; but real grief is too proud to complain, until its dreadful energy is abated; there is no feeling whatsoever more proud or more reserved, or which seeks as far as possible in society haughtily to hide itself under outward appearance, though oft betrayed by the rising sigh and darksome forehead. It is made to delight itself in solitude; it will seek solitude of course, but to the mind dreadfully burthened, solitude becomes insupportable*, and would be followed by death, natural or self-

* ——— but learns to know,
That solitude's the curse of woe.

PARNELL.

fought,

fought. It is interpreted by the countenance and demeanour. Nothing can be more deceitful; the man who forces himself to be chearful in society, may appear to the ill-natured and ill-judging world to be deficient in feeling, and yet the moment he has left the company which pass this judgment, may relapse into bitter sorrow and dreadful agony; nay, his chearfulness is not always forced, he will have moments when natural spirits will get the better of affliction, and company and noise will drown recollection. The chagrin and melancholy which canker about his heart are unseen by his companions; they think his sorrows are gone, and know not the fiends that wait his retirement, nor the thorns of which his bed is made. Eternal complaint, constant love of solitude, melancholy countenance and air, these are not the invariable characters of grief? Were I to mark any never ceasing characteristic, it is the love of change, that constant restlessness, which forbids repose in any place or any situation.

Lucentio was thought by the world to have no feeling; he talked, he drank, he seemed cheerful and indifferent, though he had lately experienced a great domestic affliction; it was my fate to know his inmost thoughts, I knew that very often when he assumed that appearance he had just emerged from agony, and had with infinite
struggle

struggle prepared himself for the rencounter of the world; his levity was one day remarkable in a numerous company; I followed him when he stole away from it, and found him in a violent flood of tears. My friend, says he, you have surprized me, I stifled my feelings as long as I could, I did not wish to trouble society with my woes, I had rather be thought insensible than irksome, I could bear it no longer *. How many like my friend have been thought insensible, while temporary cheerfulness deceives the casual observer.

Not that I think it impossible that real cheerfulness may at times flash over the mind sinking under sorrow; the human soul naturally struggles to get rid of the weight which depresses it, and relaxing from its perpetual stretch, may in a momentary interval of pain, be diverted or amused without affectation.

Two other positions usually recognized respecting grief, appear to me to be equally false with the preceding. They are, that grief should be amused, and that the lost object should never be mentioned or recalled to the attention. *Experto crede*; to amuse with plays and operas, and drums and parties, is a vain attempt. The contrast of gaiety to

* See the excellently drawn character of Mr. Wentworth in the Mirror.

the tortured soul is ever most tormenting; it is as if you gave a concert or presented a ball to a man on the rack. No! quiet small and soothing society, chearful but not noisy, friendly but not troublesome, is the true remedy, and if such society can be sought abroad, and its benefits attended with the advantages of travel, and amusement of change of place, it is the most sovereign of all remedies. A novel and foreign country, if his select friends could accompany him thither, is the best of possible receipts for the afflicted: But solitude in a foreign land must be dreadful.

How often is the man under real affliction provoked by the foolish evasions of his wishes to turn the conversation to the subject of his grief; if any kind friend would wisely listen to his effusions, and bear with them, and then at intervals skilfully turn the conversation to more chearful prospects, without refusing to let him now and then revert to the topic uppermost in his heart, the exhausted mind would, by degrees, (from absolute fatigue at least,) resume its calm; and the natural desire of happiness and impatience of eternal misery implanted in the human breast, would produce its natural effects in time, whereas in silence and constraint the mind preys upon itself, and the gangrene devours without end.

Business is a remedy often recommended, and it has
its

its aids, but business though it may distract the attention is toil, and at its termination grief recoils on a soul previously borne down by labour and fatigue.

Such are a few of those false traits usually inserted in delineations of the passion of grief, and thus false will be found most of the pictures and characteristics of the passions, drawn both by poets and philosophers, who have never felt the passions they describe, nor been in the least acquainted with them. How often does the suffering man of sensibility, on reading such descriptions, exclaim with indignation,

"They talk of scars who never felt a wound,"

D U E L L I N G.

A DIALOGUE.

EUGENIO AND PHILEMON.

PH. **I**T much surprized me to hear Eugenio, that you, a religious man and a firm believer, have lately been on the point of fighting a duel, and even seemed to court it.

EU. I own myself wrong Philemon, and will neither justify it, nor endeavour to palliate it by the excuse of passion; yet give me leave to say that I do not think that subject is ever fairly handled, nor the arguments for duelling allowed their full weight.

PH. Why, have you any doubt that duelling is indefensible?

EU. Not the least; all I mean to say is, that its condemn-
demners

demners before they confute its supporters, should maturely consider all the latter have to say.

PH. Surely they are satisfactorily and perpetually confuted in the pulpit and by the clergy every day.

EU. As to the clergy permit me to say, they have often appeared to me its best defenders.

PH. That is a paradox indeed ! How so ?

EU. By speaking in conversation with as much contempt and reprobation of men who do not wish, or decline to fight duels, as any other men do, but with infinitely more force, on account of their order, so that the clergy, like the ladies, while speaking in formal language they abuse duelling, give by these bye hints the strongest inducements to it. I have heard a clergyman after descending from the pulpit, where he had preached against this practice, talk with contempt of a man for not fighting.

PH. Believe me, Eugenio, you see that matter in a false light. The clergy, like all other persons, despise cowardice, and while they think that such conduct proceeds merely from timidity, justly deride it; but if they

thought it proceeded from conscience they would not call it cowardice. I dare say, in the instances to which you allude, there could be no reason to think that this aversion to combat proceeded from conscience.

EU. Upon reflection I believe you are right, and acquit them, except of want of caution and discrimination. I did know a young and very spirited man, who declared very early in life he never would fight a duel, and was honoured for it. I wish I had done the same, but then I wish I could have been lucky enough to signalize myself in the cause of my country, or to prove my courage in some other really justifiable way; but I am losing sight of my original intention.

PH. Proceed then to say what can be plausibly urged in defence of this horrid custom.

EU. I decline the common place topic of the difficulty of warring with general opinion. I reduce the arguments for it to two, self-defence and the support of rectitude.

PH. I shall be glad to hear how you make them out. How are you driven to self-defence when you have the laws to defend you?

EU.

EV. A bully or a bravo may do me irreparable injury where the laws cannot help me. Suppose him my rival in a liberal profession, where my income depends upon popular opinion. Suppose him determined to silence or expose me in the public eye, and by thus reducing me to contempt to deprive me of my income, and my wife and family of subsistence. You will not deny that such things are possible, and that a man who would bear insults tamely, would not, for instance at the bar, get business. Does he not attack me in the eye of common sense, at the point of the sword, as much as the robber who assails me on the highway; nay more, for the robber would but take a few guineas, but this man reduces me to beggary, and my starving infants upbraid my dereliction. How could an indictment for a challenge remedy these evils? Surely there may be an implied self-defence as strong as a literal one.

PH. What a string of sophisms does the man impose upon himself who argues according to his wishes; you have formerly wished to convince yourself, that duelling was compatible with religion, and were willingly deceived. Not to dwell on the greater probability, that by fighting and losing your life, you may instantly reduce your family to that distress you so much seem to dread; let me observe, that you have been perpetually
begging

begging the question; you have not shewn that the decay of business is a necessary consequence of the decline of the challenge, and that clients will be so absurd as not to apply for aid to the man who has superior knowledge of the laws, because he does not make a trade of fighting; their own interest will carry them to the best shop, though it were kept by a Quaker. Shew me an instance of a man of virtue, religion, real honour and knowledge, ruined because he would not fight a duel; let the experiment be tried if it has not been; but suppose me mistaken, is this an argument for you Eugenio? I will disobey God and fly in the face of Heaven for my own interest! is that the genius of the Christian religion? *take up your cross and follow him*, and do not deceive yourself with the idea that you may disobey religion when it counteracts interest; as well might you argue that you had a right to steal, because your family was in danger of starving; or if some writers on law have justified that, to murder the man to whom you are next heir. But be convinced, there is no necessity of making so hard a struggle, nor is there any real danger of your being prejudiced, even in this life. Heaven will, very probably, reward you even here; for I am convinced, that even worldly prosperity is made by Heaven to follow religious conduct in this life, much more

more than either the railers against or defenders of Providence seem willing to allow.

Eu. Well, I will say, in College language, *Conceditur*. But what would you say, if an actual attack was made on your person? Men have been often kicked and beaten.

Ph. Then self-defence would come in, I would go armed and repel the assailant.

Eu. Allow me to be sometimes right; that would not do; I assure you the case has happened; the assailant was killed. It was proved that the self-defender had never been known to go armed until a fortnight before. Malicious intention was from thence argued; he had been attacked only by the fist, but by a very strong man, and he a very weak one; he had powerful enemies, false evidence was given of his making the first assault, and he very narrowly escaped being hanged.

Ph. You put a case that is very special; too much so to draw general conclusions from; every man does not encounter powerful enemies and false evidence; but what have all these things, for instance, to do with your case? You were in a public assembly, in no danger of
personal

personal violence, and as to defence of income, surely you were in more danger of losing the best and surest part of your livelihood, if ever you did fight, and yet you quarrelled with a very good-natured man, to whom you wished well.

EU. There I recur to the position of its being in defence of rectitude.

PH. Pray tell me how.

EU. I had conceived at the time that a system seemed to be formed to bear down liberty of speech, and prevent by intimidation right from being supported. It appeared to me at the time, that so far from a breach of religious duty, I was fulfilling a moral obligation, in endeavouring to do justice to my country, (which cannot be done without liberty of speech) even at the defence of my life, and that I had a right to lay down my life in such a cause as much as in the field. I do not say I was right, or that I might not be mistaken as to such an intention; in this particular gentleman, I am sure I was. Cases are possible; suppose a man were to threaten the defenders of the Christian religion, or to endeavour to prevent their speaking its truths

truths, by the sword, might they not repel such violence ?

PH. Your last instance is really too ludicrous ; that a man should think himself justified in defending the Christian religion by a direct breach of it, you cannot seriously maintain, and see whether this does not illustrate the former. Heaven intended that you should support the rights of your country, but not by a breach of God's laws ; there is no such demand upon you ; a firm and steady, but cool and deliberate manner of delivering your sentiments, if they contain any real weight, will always ensure respect and attention, and it is always free for you, if you have ability sufficient, to encounter invective by argument, and if you have dignity of character, to oppose to unprovoked attack the feelings of all the rational and respected part of mankind.

EU. Well, I am sure you are right, but you will own the task is a very difficult and delicate one.

PH. I will own it, but that is no excuse for a breach of duty.

ON THE
GENIUS OF IRELAND.

EUDOXUS AND IRENÆUS.

EUDOX. **W**ELCOME once more to Old England. It is a long time since our ancestors of the same names were introduced by Spenser, as conversing on the state of that kingdom of Ireland, from whence you lately came, and about which I wish to obtain some information.

IREN. It is a long time, and yet melancholy to tell, the very same observations with which they commence their dialogue are true at this day †.

EUDOX.

† EUDOX. If the country of Ireland be of so goodly and commodious a soil as you report, I wonder that no course is taken to the turning thereof to good uses, and reducing that nation to better government and civility.

IREN.

EUDOX. Well, a truce with melancholy observations. We are not quite so grave as the dialogists of those times, though the cause for gravity may be as great, and I am determined to avoid politics at present. I am glad to see you safely returned from your expedition, and from all your perils by land and water, though the perils by wine I understand, in that country are most to be dreaded.

IREN. Why, indeed my good friend, the Irish are rather formidable at the bottle; however, much less so than formerly, and after all the name they have acquired, the Scotch drink twice as much without being noted for it at all.

EUDOX. Well, but tell me on the whole, how do you like that people?

IREN. Exceedingly. I met with the greatest kindness and hospitality from them; they are remarkable for their attention to strangers, and strangers for their ingratitude to them, and speaking of them after departing

IREN. Marry! so there have been divers good plots devised, and wise councils cast already about reformation of that realm, but they say that it is the fatal destiny of that land, that no purposes whatsoever, which are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect.

from the country, with derision and contempt; but such complaints shall never be made of me.

EUDOX. I know you are too generous: but did you really find them so friendly?

IREN. I think them friends to every one but themselves.

EUDOX. Will you explain yourself?

IREN. I mean that the *genius*, turn and disposition of that nation, has been particularly inimical to the advantageous appearance both of the nation in general, and of its individuals in particular.

EUDOX. It hath indeed often surprized me, that a nation remarkable for its valour, and whose inhabitants, even down to the peasantry, are, as I have been told, blessed with a peculiar acuteness of mind, and a characteristic turn of wit and pleasantry, should not have filled a greater space in the eye of mankind.

IREN. The pleasing qualities of the inhabitants of that country, like the pleasantry of any jolly boon companion,

companion, are highly agreeable to their visitors, but by no means advantageous to themselves; their pleasantry is the mother of idleness—their wit and talent for ridicule is employed in depreciating one another, and their valour too often exhausts itself in idleness and riot.

EUDOX. You mention causes that might in part account for their lesser eminence in commerce and in wealth; but to which of them can you ascribe their apparent inferiority in the literary world.

IREN. In a good measure to one I have mentioned, their passion for ridicule. In Scotland, if any man becomes an author, the whole nation joins in praising and elevating him: but in Ireland, to be a writer is almost sufficient to ensure mockery. Whoever takes up his pen (especially if it be in the province of belles lettres,) whole tribes of Satirists, like the monkeys of Africa, begin to chatter and grin at him, and employ every art to laugh him down; the consequence is, few write; the modest who have talents, confine their display to conversation and to professional exertions, while the satirists take care to do nothing but find fault, and never venture to expose themselves to criticism, by writing any thing.

EUDOX.

EUDOX. But do not you think, there may be other causes; some works (for instance those mathematical or legal) if they do not betray ignorance, or confusion of head, are not liable to ridicule?

IREN. Why yes, I thought I perceived one cause; they are so accustomed to be governed by us in England in every thing, taste as well as politics, that they seem absolutely afraid to give the stamp of approbation to any thing in the first instance, and hesitating whether it has merit or not, until they see an English Review. I have been told they long seemed unconscious of the merits of two considerable works written by sons of their own university, and hesitated to praise till the incense of Fame arose to one from the literary altars of Cambridge*; and an English Judge had declared the other current coin†.

EUDOX. Yet surely Swift's merit they always acknowledged.

IREN. Swift was a laugher and a satirist exactly

* Hamilton's Conic Sections.

† Judge Blakstone, as to Sullivan's Lectures; nay we owe a second edition, of the latter to a Scotchman.

suit'd to their genius, with a power of ridicule too great not to subdue any one who laugh'd at him: but I am not quite sure, that if Pope had been an Irishman, he would have succeeded so well; his pastorals might have afforded excellent food for pastime, and I am convinced Collins and Gray, and all your ode-makers, would have been laugh'd down, and discouraged in the infancy of their muse.

EUDOX. One circumstance not unconnected with their literature has often made me laugh; it is to hear Irishmen often insisting that they speak English better than we do.

IREN. Why it does appear ridiculous, considering the national accent, but if their meaning be well understood, perhaps is not utterly false as applied to their common people. The vulgar there learn English, as we do dead languages, from books; the consequence is, they speak more grammatically, (though with a horrid brogue,) than our common farmers and labourers in many of our counties, and you never hear such abominable jargon as we do in parts of Somersetshire and Yorkshire. Perhaps you and I would speak better Latin than a Roman labourer or lower mechanic did, because we learned it from well written books: It is not
unfrequent

unfrequent to hear a common fellow in Ireland, who has been at a hedge school, make use of such words as *perpendicular* and *triangle* and *ratio*; especially as they are fond of getting a little smattering of surveying in the country.

EUDOX. But I should know most Irishmen, if they had no brogue, by their phrases; for instance, when they say *County Dublin*, omitting the particle *of*.

IREN. So should I many Englishmen, of the ordinary class, as when they use the two negatives; *what won't you have no more*.

EUDOX. Well, my friend, enough of their literary character, but let me question you as to some other traits of the Irish nation; you have spoken highly of their talents, how do you reconcile this encomium with the charge of their remarkable propensity to blunders.

IREN. In the first place I do not admit the charge: Blunders appear to me as frequent with us as with them; for instance in our news-papers. But, if it were true, I should impute it to the peculiar volatility of the nation, which often occasions a giddiness of speech as well as conduct, and to a rapidity of thought, which prevents

prevents attention to expression, the ideas outrunning the words.

EUDOX. You are kind to them, but why should not the same causes produce the same effects in France which never was noted for blundering.

IREN. Well then take another, applicable at least to the lower part of the nation; they are acquainted, and more familiarly so, with another language, viz. the Irish, and transferring its idioms and phrases awkwardly into our tongue, appear to us to blunder.

EUDOX. Perhaps you have made out your defence here, for you seem resolved to support this country which has been so kind to you; but how will you account for their superior inclination to duelling.

IREN. Very easily from their history. Distracted for many centuries by civil wars, most of their ancient families were reduced to poverty and ruin; for instance, the adherents of Tyrone in the reign of James I. the popish chieftains under his successor, and the followers of James the Second: All these men, jealous of their honor, conscious of their ancient respectability, exposed to insult from new, and as they considered them, upstart

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comers,

comers, unable to rescue themselves from the contempt of poverty or to rival the glare of wealth, were ready at every instant to assert their old gentlemanhood by laying their hand on the sword; and hence the custom became general.

EUDOX. I am very willing to believe that it does not originate in a bullying and quarrelsome disposition, for the individuals of that nation in foreign services, as well as our own, have been remarkable for their valor, as well as their good humour.

IREN. It certainly is a very brave, but I do not think it ever will be a very great nation.

EUDOX. Perhaps it is not always the greatest people that are the happiest. I do not wish so much to hear of their importance as of their felicity. I have heard their peasantry on the one hand pictured as the most miserable, on the other, condemned as the most idle peasantry in Europe: How far are these characteristics true?

IREN. Both of them in my opinion very much exaggerated. The Irish peasant is warmly clad, and has enough to eat; his cabin, it is true, is a picture of wretchedness

wretchedness and dirt, but it is warmer than the English cottage, (and heaven knows what a miserable hovel an English cottage often is) though made of mud and the cottage of wood; and as to the dirt, the inhabitant has so little notion or use of cleanliness, that he feels no misery from filth—I wish he did, for it would make him more industrious: His food undoubtedly has no variety, Potatoes and milk simply, but it is a wholesome diet and he has enough of it, much preferable in my opinion to the hard cheese which feeds the English labourer five days in the seven. As to the charge of idleness, I think it is laid on much too heavily: I have seen them go through immense labour in the field, and so have you, if you have observed the poor wretches who come over here to the harvest and hay-making.

EUDOX. And you find the better orders as hospitable as they are represented!

IREN. Universally hospitable, but not always with comfort: They are too fond of crowded companies, and vast loads of meat on the table, I mean in middle life, for the highest orders live much as in England. Yet our mode of life is perhaps more expensive, because more constant, for they dine abroad five times oftener than a family would here.

EUDOX. They complain of our want of hospitality.

IREN. I think most unjustly. No man from that country, who is known here can complain of want of attention; and if he comes without letters, or introduction, what can he expect?

EUDOX. You know they have been deemed impudent and forward here sometimes.

IREN. Their freedom is certainly surprizing to an Englishman; to call a man, upon a short acquaintance, by his christian or fir-name without addition, and to rally his defects * appears strange and irksome to us, and is certainly offensive, but it is attended with so much good-nature and good-humour, that perhaps it is preferable to the reserved and silent insolence of air and superciliousness of look so often found among us.

EUDOX. I see you are always their apologist: Do you return again to this country so esteemed by you; as a military man I suppose you must revisit it?

* The humour of Ireland is genuine and true, but its raillery is certainly false, and has been well touched by Swift:

*They place their raillery in railing,
And ridicule your greatest failing.*

IREN.

IREN. My regiment is coming over, but I want no call of duty to carry me back; I own I feel a hankering to pay another visit, for one trait has been omitted, and that not the least interesting to an officer, the beauty of the ladies; if I could meet a consort with a few Irish acres, I should have no objection to pitch my tent there.

EUDOX. Spoke like an officer; well I should like to go with you, but never expect to get so far out of the sound of Bow Bell.

ON

P L A G I A R I S M.

NOTHING can be more unfair than many charges of Plagiarism which we hear, nor any thing more fanciful than the imitations often supposed by false critics. When Virgil imitates Homer we can have no doubt, for he in fact only translates him; but I have been often astonished at the decisive language of critics, positively asserting that one author has had another in view, because he happens on a similar thought, or analagous expression. Whoever will take the trouble to look into the numerous commentators on Shakespear, will see innumerable examples of that great Poet's having been supposed to borrow from authors whose works he probably never saw, while his mighty genius was copying from Nature only, and borrowing from its own stores what had been weakly and imperfectly thought and worse expressed by antecedent writers.

The truth is, whoever thinks much if he thinks well, must often meet the idea which has occurred to other
rational

rational men before him, but his thoughts may be as to him original notwithstanding. If an Otaheitan was now to invent a watch, it would be his own invention, though long before known in Europe. The man also who is deeply read in the Poets or other writers, may involuntarily make use of expressions which he has read, and are therefore floating on his memory, yet think them his own. It is difficult for him (to be sure) to prove his innocence; but I am convinced it often happens. I have heard many musical compositions containing parts evidently analagous to, if not perfectly the same, with passages to be found here and there in various older creations of the brain. They were produced from the general repository of the mind, probably without any consciousness of such similarity. Should not this teach us much caution in bringing forward charges of Plagiarism. To the author of these very thoughts they appear new, and are certainly his own, but they may seem trite and common possibly to those better acquainted with Essay writers than his occupations have permitted him to be.

P O L I T E N E S S

HAS A REAL

S T A N D A R D.

NO error is more frequent than that of mistaking fashion for politeness, and supposing the varying manners of the great, to be the changeable model of real gentility. By the same rule might we stamp the manners of the most barbarous courts in rudest times with the name of polite, for they were the fashion and the imitation of the day. The vulgar speak more sensibly, and very properly say, that an ill behaved person in highest life, does not act like a gentleman, thereby separating the abstract character of a gentleman from the individual person of the titular noble. But the youth of higher flight do not thus discriminate, and whatever be the caprice or vice or whim of a few elevated and conspicuous fools, follow it in a mass, never dreaming that it can be possible that rank and fashion can be ungenteel or unpolite. In our own times, strange to tell, even rudeness

ness to the fair became fashionable, and drunkenness a necessary preparative to admission in public assemblies; I have seen a buck extended lolling at full length on a bench, at a public ball, deigning in that posture to give audience to a lady who addressed him while walking by, and many a female longing to dance, while the lounging conceit of a coxcomb insolent, enjoyed with a contemptuous smile their disappointment and vexation.

I have seen drunkenness and brutality burst into a room consecrated to elegant festivity, and assault with every thing but open violence, elegance, delicacy and beauty. Can these manners, however elevated in rank, constitute politeness? If such the conduct even of monarchs, could the regal character stamp them with the epithet of polite; surely not. Let the age, the nation, the manners be what they may, rudeness to women cannot be politeness. Here then is one inflexible standard which will not yield to any rank, power or authority; it is nature, and not to be subdued by man. How far the ladies, by encouraging and seemingly admiring such demeanour, have subjected themselves to similar treatment is foreign to my enquiry. Suffice it to have proved that in one instance at least, politeness will not bend; observation and recollection may furnish many more. Let us mark the modern fine gentleman, as he enters a

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room;

room; he puts us in mind of those lines of Soame Jenyns, in in his poem bearing that title :

Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind,
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A hardened, sober, proud, luxurious knave.

With contemptuous glance he eyes the company; by every action he shews to the ladies, his opinion of their insignificance and his condescension—by every look his rudeness and disdain for the men.

Let not these remarks be extended to all our youth; many of them form illustrious exceptions. If they wish for examples, the manners of their monarch, and of the son of their monarch, might teach them true politeness; and they may see in more than one of their own fathers and relations, the most accomplished and the most courteous gentlemen. But in general, a too great horror of the stiffer manners of what is vulgarly called the old court, has led to the other extreme. The old court was stiff, but there is a mean between both: *Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines*, beyond which no power on earth can stretch politeness, or confound it with fashion,

THE

COMPARATIVE AUTHENTICITY

OF

TACITUS AND SuetONIUS,

Illustrated by the Question, "Whether NERO was the
 " Author of the MEMORABLE CONFLAGRATION at
 " ROME * ?"

SO much has been said of the candour of Suetonius, and of his work being the most accurate narration extant of the lives of the emperors, that it is worth the pains to enquire how far these praises are due. Others are said to have been actuated by hatred, or slaves to adulation ; he is represented alone as fair and uninfluenced. For my own part, I so much differ from this opinion, that I have ever considered the rank allotted to Suetonius, in the scale of historical merit, as elevated much beyond his deserts. I am not inclined to trust either his candour or his accuracy, particularly

* This and another Essay in this collection, viz. *that on Greek tenues*, though published before in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, have been inserted in this collection for reasons mentioned in the Preface.

when opposed to, or compared with his rival historian *. We are accustomed, I know not how, at an early age, from contemporary studies, to unite the names of contemporary historians, and from thence perhaps insensibly to infer a similarity of excellence. The authors perused treat of the same facts, they are read at the same time, and the mind is yet too young for accurate discrimination. May not such associations have had some effect with respect to Suetonius and Tacitus? But the exercise of maturer judgment readily separates such unions, and detects the apparent parallelism of objects, which, sufficiently pursued, will be found in time infinitely to diverge. This judgment, however, is in many cases never exercised at all.

A premature perusal of the classics often prevents a subsequent cool revival of their beauties and their merits, impels the man to consider the subjects of the studies of the boy as trifling and disgusting, and indolently to acquiesce in first impressions, rather than retrace steps which appeared unpleasant because involuntary. But he who at maturer years is led by taste or inclination to examine and compare the lights of antiquity, will be astonished at their numerous detections of his errors first imbibed, and corrections of the implicit faith which he

* The Reviewers have perhaps justly censured me for supposing they could be rivals, with such disparity of merit.

has put in some of its oracles; and perhaps no where will he find less reason for confidence than in the secretary of Adrian (for such was Suetonius), however, high his post, or good his means of information.

The title of this essay indicates my intention to confine my observations to the comparative fidelity in narration of the celebrated writers therein mentioned, without touching on their other relative perfections or imperfections. The instance which I have selected to illustrate this point (for abundance of them might be found) may to some appear trifling; and it may be asked, who, in the eighteenth century, can be interested in the question, whether Rome, in the first, was burnt by the hand of her natural protector, or of what utility is the discussion which tends to wash away one spot from the bloody garb of Nero? The objection should not come from the theoretic lover of truth, never despising enquiry and discrimination; nor will the expulsion of falsehood from history ever appear trifling to its practical admirers. The question, too, is not totally unconnected with the well-known controversy in morals, on the existence of gratuitous malevolence, as any alleged motives for this supposed conduct of the tyrant are utterly unsatisfactory to the rational mind: but its chief importance rests on the grounds I have premised. If we detect an historian in any one instance, in a peremptory and dogmatical assertion

tion of a disputed, nay, improbable charge, have we not cause to view his writings with general suspicion, and scrutinize with jealous eye his accuracy or his candour? And we cannot select a better example than that of a direct and unqualified allegation of a plain and simple fact, into which, if false, the writer could not from any circumstances be supposed to be innocently or unwittingly betrayed.

Suetonius, then, directly and circumstantially ascribes the conflagration at Rome, in the time of Nero, to that detested emperor, while Tacitus only says, *forte, an dolo imperatoris, incertum*. The authority of the former seems to have prevailed, and few traditions have been more strongly believed, or sayings more frequently applied, than 'that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning.' I apprehend, therefore, that the following arguments to the contrary will have at least the recommendation of novelty, as the opposite opinion has never been hinted by any writer whom I have met, except the Abbé Millot, who annexes no reasons for his doubts.

The reader, who recollects the idle calumnies, which, upon a similar occasion, were thrown out against a prince of our own, Charles the Second, and the numberless insinuations of opposite parties at that period,
branding

branding each other with the name of incendiaries, will not incautiously assent to the rumour bred by inflamed imaginations, ascribing to malice the offspring of accident.

Whoever has implicitly believed that Rome was burnt by Nero, will find, to his surprise, on the first peep into Tacitus, this passage, *Hoc tempore, Nero Antii agens*, the paragraph which first indeed, by exciting my wonder, drew my attention to this subject. The man who is depicted as sitting on a lofty tower of his palace, attuning to the harp the poet's numbers on the destruction of Troy, in the midst of the imperial city, with whose fires his eyes were feasted, was not, (at their commencement at least,) in Rome at all. This should seem almost to terminate the question: but, no! the critic will say, Antium was only ten miles from Rome, and the emperor had ample time to arrive there long before the extinction of the flames: in fact he did so, when he found that the most vigorous orders which he had issued from Antium had no effect. Such orders he had issued, and it shews his alacrity in trying to have the fire extinguished before his arrival. Let us see then how he acted after his arrival. During the very confusion and terror of the conflagration, it may have been difficult to ascertain the conduct of the prince; Suetonius charges him with encouraging the flames, and cherishing the incendiaries.

‘Voices

‘Voices of men,’ says he, ‘were heard, exclaiming, that they acted by orders from the emperor, and emissaries from his very household might have been apprehended in the act of spreading the flames.’ That the emperor should have been absurd enough to furnish incendiaries with the authority of his name, is incredible; but let us remember, that within very few years past, the destroyers of the castles of the nobility in France, pleaded authority from that king whose throne they were on the point of overturning. To these idle tales I oppose the acknowledged behaviour of Nero, after the extinction of the fire, when it stands unveiled by that cloud of confusion and rumour which always attends present calamity. He opened his gardens for the sufferers, he pitched tents for them, he laboured to provide them with necessaries, he cheapened the price of corn; such are the testimonies of Tacitus. On his previous absence, on his subsequent conduct, I might perhaps then rest his innocence; but it is confirmed by some other strong arguments, to which I now proceed.

The emperor is charged with setting fire to the city, that he might enjoy the beauty of the sight. It appears from Tacitus, that so far from coveting the spectacle, his fault was indolent reluctance to move from Antium. He issued from thence the most vigorous orders for extinguishing

tinguishing the flames, but he refused to stir till his own palace was on fire. It was in this situation that he must be supposed to have run up with his harp, immediately on his arrival, to the top of the tower of Mæcnas; a station where he stood a very reasonable chance of being broiled for his pains. The supposition is too ludicrous to admit a doubt of its falsehood; and this being as confidently asserted as any circumstance, must make us doubt of the truth of all the rest. Let us combine, then, the absence of the emperor from the capital when the fire began, his active orders before he left Antium, his unwillingness to leave it, the situation of the city on his arrival, and his behaviour after the conflagration, and see where we can find the least probable trace of the tale of Suetonius.

The spot where the fire broke out affords another very strong argument of want of design; *in prædiis Tigellini Æmilianis proruperat*, says Tacitus. He observes, indeed, that *plus infamiae incendium habuit*, for that reason, that is, because it was on the estate of Tigellinus; but where were these prædia? in the district called the Æmiliana. Now this district was quite without the city, as any one will find upon consulting the plan of ancient Rome. *Eorum ædificia qui habitant extra portam frumentariam, aut in Æmilianis*, says Varro, lib.

iii. *De Re Rustica*. What could have induced the emperor, whose abilities do not seem to have been contemptible, to have adopted such an extraordinary method of firing the city, by kindling the flame in its remotest suburbs? 'He was accused,' says Tacitus, 'of having been actuated with a desire of founding a new city, and calling it by his name.' Did he do so? And what prevented him? The consequence did not follow, and the imputed means were absurdly disproportionate to the motive.

That the fire in the *Æmiliana* was accidental, will become more than probable, when we find that it was a quarter where dangerous and extensive conflagrations had happened before. It appears from Suetonius, in his account of the reign of Claudius, chap. 18. that one had obstinately raged in this region during the life of that prince: *Ubi Æmiliana pertinacius arderent*. And it appears that it was of consequence enough to call for the presence and incessant labour of the emperor himself and his whole court: we may reasonably conjecture, therefore, that it was a part of the suburbs, for some reason or other, perhaps by being the site of hazardous manufactures, particularly exposed and obnoxious to these calamities.

It is true that Tacitus, in another place, says, with a seeming contradiction, *Initium in ea parte Circi ortum, quæ Palatino Calioque montibus contigua est*; and Fleury, in his Ecclesiastical History, founding the assertion on this passage, says it broke out in some shops about the Circus, without taking notice of the other alleged site of its commencement.

The commentators on Tacitus have endeavoured to reconcile the difference, and insist that it broke out in two places, the Circus and the *Æmiliana*. Now, as to the Circus, Tacitus himself accounts for its rise and progress there, *Ubi per tabernas quibus id mercimonium inerat quo flamma alitur, coeptus ignis*. The fire began in certain shops filled with inflammable materials, and naturally calculated to originate and diffuse the flames. Where they could so easily be accounted for, who would have seen reflected by their light the deadly visage of the tyrant, but those whose horrors of his crimes and terror of his wickedness raised on every occasion the imperial phantom before their alarmed imaginations? Let us not fear, that by deducting this little burthen of guilt, we shall leave too small a portion of infamy to satiate resentment, and deter imitation. The bloody roll of Nero's crimes will scarcely appear diminished by expunging this inferior title to abhorrence.

It is an inferior circumstance, yet not entirely unworthy of note, that the rumours which had reached the ears of the two historians, as to Nero's conduct, essentially varied. To the one he had been represented as going openly and publicly to the summit of Mæcenæ's tower to sing the fate of Troy, while to the other he was depicted as retiring into his private apartments (*in domesticam scenam*), there secretly to enjoy the devastation of his groaning country. Uncertainty and contradiction are the sisters of unfounded report.

From the account given as of this event by Tacitus, we find that the emperor's object, in at length leaving Antium to go to Rome, was to save his palace. Now in this he did not succeed. The palace was destroyed, and yet he is afterwards accused of constructing a new palace of wonderful magnificence, out of the ruins of his country (*Ufus est patriæ ruinis*, says Tacitus), not without insinuation that such might have been partly the object of the antecedent devastation. There is nothing in his previous conduct to support the suspicion, for he was anxious to save his former residence, and to prevent the necessity of erecting a new one.

The anxiety of Nero to avoid the charge is utterly incompatible with the narration of Suetonius. *Incendit*

urbem

urbem tam palam, says that historian, *ut plerique consulares cubicularios ejus, cum stupra tædæque in prædiis suis deprehensos, non attigerint*. Is it credible that he, who so much dreaded the imputation, should have committed the fact without disguise? That he used every exertion to avert the charge, appears from Tacitus—by anxious and active care to expedite the rebuilding of the city—by princely largesses to the sufferers—by supplications and atoning sacrifices to the gods, he laboured to extricate himself from the infamy. It is true he was not successful. Such was the odium against him. *Non ope humana, non largitionibus principis, aut deum placamentis decedebat infamia*. He then endeavoured to throw the suspicion on the Christians, since he found the world too prejudiced to ascribe the event to accident—with equal want of success indeed. But all which I want to infer is, that this extreme anxiety confutes the notion of his rash unguarded promotion of the calamity; and that he was particularly distressed at this rumour, appears from his known character, which was, in general, to despise all rumours, *Nihil patientius quam maledicta et convicia hominum tulit*.—Suetonius, p. 258.

The extent of the power of prejudice against this miserable prince at this period cannot be more strongly exemplified than in the murmurs which Tacitus mentions,

tions, occasioned by his opening the city, and widening the streets, because, as was alleged, the old narrow streets and lofty houses contributed exceedingly to the salubrity of Rome, by protecting the passenger from the heat of the sun. I will even draw an argument from the virulence of Suetonius. ‘He would not suffer,’ says that writer, ‘the bodies of the dead, who perished in the fire, to be burnt by their friends, nor the ruins of the edifices to be removed by the owners, but took the charge upon himself, for the sake of plunder.’ Whether those who were burnt already required to be burnt again, I know not; but does not the ill-nature of the remark proclaim the inclination of the author? Is it not more natural to suppose, that the fear of pestilence, from the exposition of bodies left to the random care of individuals, in a time of general distraction, required the interposition of government, and the adoption of public regulations, to prevent the possibility of private negligence? And was it not right in the governing power of the state to refuse to trust to the weakness or indolence of the subject, the office of removing rubbish and ruins, whose immense heaps forbade improvement, and postponed renovation?

The truth is, when Suetonius wrote, invective against the race of Cæsar opened the way to honor and preferment

ment. Abuse of the Augustan family was the fashion of succeeding times, and the instrument of flattery with succeeding emperors. With infinite caution, therefore, are we to admit the adulatory invective of the writers of the age of Trajan. The fidelity of history was made to bow to the etiquette of courts and the interests of historians.

This propensity to blacken the Cæsars, received, in the particular instance of Nero, additional height in later times from the enmity of the Christians. His cruel persecution of Christianity, and his inordinate wickedness, in averting upon its votaries the calumny thrown upon himself, with the signal martyrdoms of St. Peter and St. Paul under his dominion, have stamped him with the most sanguinary dye in the annals of religion. It was natural to surmise, that the man, who so unjustly accused others, had not been unjustly accused himself. His innocence was supposed to include their crimination; and as the empire became Christian, it became in a manner impious to doubt his guilt.

On whom does the authority of this legend rest? As appears to me, on the authority of Suetonius alone. The careful peruser of Tacitus will, I think, agree with me, that he did not believe the tale; he wrote
before

before Suetonius, and possessed earlier and better channels of enquiry. Suetonius was secretary to Adrian, whose reign was preceded by the death of Tacitus. The next author who mentions the charge with confidence is Dio Cassius, who lived in the reign of Alexander Severus, two hundred years after the event: no testimony can go beyond its first original; the tribe of servile copiers add not a jot of weight to the evidence.

Aurelius Victor, Eutropius, Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus and Jornandes, the only subsequent Latin writers who repeat the clamour, merely echo the assertions of Suetonius and Dio. They could not be much better judges of the matter than we at this day, had they even taken the trouble to weigh the evidence. Aurelius Victor and Eutropius lived at a period three hundred years distant from the time of the conflagration, in the reigns of Julian and Valentinian; Cassiodorus was consul under Theodoric, and born in 476; and Jornandes, in Justinian's age, was secretary to a king of the Goths. As to the principal modern writers who assert and insist on the fact, and particularly the ecclesiastical historians, Xiphilinus, Vitranus and Sulpicius, though they lived earlier than Fleury, who in the present century supports their opinion, their assertions can have no more weight than

than his, nor their knowledge of the facts be greater than ours. Xiphilinus was the professed abridger of Dio Cassius. Dio repeated from Suetonius, and upon the foundation of Suetonius's authority the whole fabric must ultimately depend. If any thing has been added, it has probably been the work of exuberant imagination, like that of Karholtus of Hamburgh, a modern ecclesiastical writer, who represents the emperor at a banquet sending forth troops of incendiaries, and sitting to hear at intervals the triumphant tale of their horrid exploits, a picture of which he could not have found the least trait in any ancient historian. It remains only to observe, that Suetonius, the father of this tale, could not have been wittingly deceived into this assertion.

Thus have I endeavoured to scrutinize, in this instance, the accuracy and authenticity of Suetonius, which may be a clue to his general character as a writer, the only object perhaps which could have justified my calling the attention of a literary society to a question so remote, and seemingly so uninteresting. Always, as I have said, has that historian appeared to me to be over-rated; the indecency of his descriptions has been often condemned, and it was well observed, that Suetonius wrote the lives of the emperors with the same

licentiousness with which they lived. Were I to compare Suetonius with any writer of our own time, in point of credit due to his narration, I would scarcely assign him a place superior to Smollet's; I mean not with respect to composition, but as to authenticity and materials. Both of them seem to have compiled from the *actus diurni* or newspapers of the day, and to merit equal authority with those crude and hasty chronicles. If the one has lived for eighteen centuries, while the other possibly may not for one, it has perhaps been owing to the charms of his composition, not to the dignity of his history.

If these remarks shall in any degree tend to ascertain the rank of this famed historian in the scale of history, or rather by calling the attention of more accurate observers to the general complexion of his works to induce them to ascertain it, they will have an importance which at this remote time they could not borrow from the subject itself. They may perhaps also derive some additional claim to attention, from the circumstance of a celebrated attack having been lately made by Mr. Whitaker of Manchester, on the authenticity of his rival historian, in a comparison between Tacitus and Gibbon.

O N

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

*Vixeruntque mirâ concordiâ, per mutuam
caritatem, et invicem se anteponendo,*

TACITUS.

*They lived in wonderful concord, with a mutual inter-
course of affection and kind offices, each preferring and
anticipating the others wishes upon all occasions, or en-
deavouring to do so.*

SUCH is the delightful picture which Tacitus draws of
the harmony which reigned between Agricola and his
consort, and of the causes which produced it ;—and such
would be the effect in every instance of similar conduct
springing from goodness of heart and sweetness of dispo-
sition.

Whence is it then that conjugal felicity is so rare an
inhabitant

inhabitant of the nuptial bed? I speak not of those who are born to be unhappy by being framed of jarring elements, and fraught with innate peevishness of temper. But why, where the most amiable qualities prevail, does the happiness of the married state so often fall short of the picture which imagination without being very sanguine, is able to form? Give me leave to suggest some of those causes, which, although obvious, I think have not been sufficiently noticed by the analysers of life and manners.

There are certain ideas early inculcated, particularly into the female mind, which appear to me utterly false. One is, that parity in the marriage state is impossible: That either the husband or wife must command, or the family system cease to go on. But how is this idea justified or proved? Surely if there was a reciprocity of compliance, it would answer the same purpose *. The happy couple who really love and respect each other, think not of commanding or obeying. Such ideas never enter the heart of real friendship, much less of real love. An eager desire to know and to anticipate each others wishes is the character of genuine passion. I do not mean to praise that imbecility of mind, which being unable to form any

* The *se invicem anteposendo*, of Tacitus.

opinion of its own, relies implicitly on another's judgment; but that affection which prompts to shew mutual respect and attention, to elevate each other in the eyes of strangers, and to excite delightful surprise in the beloved breast, by doing that which intimate knowledge of character whispers will be agreeable before perhaps it occurs even to the one for whose sake it is done. The angelic portrait of Fielding's Amelia, best explains my thoughts. I have known it in real life. I knew Hortensio many years after he was married to the best of women. I have watched without his knowing it, the affectionate snares which he has laid, to catch his Amanda's wishes the moment they sprang up, and to discover them where from apprehension of giving him trouble she wished to veil them in obscurity*. The thousand contrivances, with which love inspired her, to please and surprise his returning hours of repose from fatigue and occupation, would have repaid the toils of angels. They thought not of dominion; they thought of happiness, and happiness they obtained.

Another principle which I have heard from the lips of parents and guardians is, that women should conceal their

* Il semble qu' elle nous devine, et tout ce que nous pouvons souhaiter est fait avant que nous nous appercevions qu' elle y pense.

MARMONTEL.

affections

affections, to prevent growing indifference in the satiated lover. It may be sometimes true, but is often false, for there are constant as well as fickle beings in the world. My friend Constant, endued with uncommon warmth of heart, found his consort cold and seemingly insensible to all his efforts to please. She acted on system, for she loved him not only with sincerity, but with ardour in her heart. He was deceived, and tired with endeavours, (fruitless as he thought), to gain the warm affections of her soul, fled to foreign endearments though he knew them to be pretended, and suffered himself voluntarily to be gulled by affected tenderness.

A third most obvious cause is the neglect of delicacy after marriage, which sometimes takes place. Why should the married be less careful of their persons than the single? Why should regard to decency decrease with intimacy? Yet these cautions are sometimes neglected, and their conservation is surely of the highest importance. And in general, why should the desire of pleasing abate with the increase of affection?

The persuasion that a married couple must grow tired of each others company, is another fatal impediment to the object of which we speak. I have always found conversation with strangers most difficult. Unacquaint-

ed with the same objects, and the same persons, the topics must be general and frivolous. Surely the long acquaintance of lovers of understanding must furnish inexhaustible funds; and unreserved communication of sentiment, on the companies in which they have been, and on the scenes they have frequented, gives them inestimable advantages, in the domestic tete-a-tete, endeared by affection, and enlivened by good humour. If they abstracted themselves from society, the objection might hold; but let them go into company as much as they please; and perhaps the more they do, the more genuine happiness will beam on their return to the fireside.

Besides the disregard to congeniality of temper and disposition (arising from interest, and respect to fortune and connections) in most matches among the superior orders, and besides the perpetual disguise which veils the temper of both sexes, except in certain candid minds which discover their excellencies at their first blush, or certain peevish ones which cannot conceal their defects; I say, besides these impediments, there is a real impossibility in the common intercourse of life of discovering habits and dispositions. They who live in the same house or family, and see each other every hour, must in time be acquainted with their mutual

tual modes of thinking and acting. But how little can young persons at a drum, a ridotto, or an opera, discover the character of those with whom they are to be connected. For this reason a friend of mine, not without success, took the extraordinary expedient of treading on the rich gown of a lady in whose disposition he was interested, and tearing it in her ascent to a ball room to try her temper; I do not approve my friend's expedient, it was barbarous, and might have led him into error, without any fault in her: But few men take so much pains, and rather verify those lines of Pope,

That wives a random choice untry'd they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.

Some feather catches their imagination—some exterior charm pleases their eye; and they are ignorant of the real character, till repentance comes too late. Nor are the ladies in a situation to know much more of their intended comforts. Fielding has very well introduced one of his principal characters asserting that a young lady should have no time to reflect, but be obliged to consent while she scarce knows what she does, and that one half of the marriages among people of condition, are thus brought about, “a fact” says he humourously, “very probably true, and to which I suppose is owing the

"the mutual tenderness, which afterwards exists among
 "so many happy couples."

Did men take the trouble to look for modest and latent worth which is never obtrusive but retires from view and dwells in the shade where folly and passion never think of directing their path, how many of the best of women would not remain, as they often do, unmarried *. How many foolish and forward coquettes would change places with them, and what an infinity of happy marriages should we have more than at present.

I need not rest on the mischiefs which arise from dwelling upon little hasty unmeaning expressions which prudence would pass unnoticed, or immediately drop their recollection; but which insisted and fretted upon when the speaker perhaps has instantly repented of them, become serious †: nor upon the disappointment which will

* *Helas! Si j'étois jolie*

Polle, coquette, étourdie.

J'aurois mille amans:

Mais comme je suis simple.

† Did we reflect on the anguish which attends surviving recollection of any such trifling incident, where death has robbed the heart of its best treasure, and the astonishment with which real calamity fills the reflecting mind, while it wonders such trifles, such nothings could have affected it, and would give the world to recover an opportunity of making expiation, such minute clouds would never overshadow our tranquility.

A a

attend

attend the foolish expectation that the smiles of fortune and the blessings of health will have no interruption; they are too obvious and have often been painted; I rather wish to touch upon topics which seem to have been little noticed or attended to.

Among these one arises from a defect of education almost universal, because proceeding from the universal impulse of parental affection, I mean the endeavour to amuse children too much, and making them thereby impatient of being alone and incapable of amusing themselves. One of the first principles to be taught a child is to learn to bear solitude and to amuse itself. The contrary habit is troublesome in the child and pernicious in the adult: hence all that whim and caprice in women of fashion which so often makes them both odious and ridiculous; hence it is that in the married state so many of each sex find it impossible to cultivate domestic happiness, and are forced into an external round of company and riot; hence it is that they dread to be at home, and consider a matrimonial tete-a-tete as the most disagreeable of situations. How different are Lucilia and Honestus; his time can never be heavy; his books, his studies, his business give him perpetual employment; she works while he reads, while intervals of affectionate and cheerful conversation enlivened by the prattle of smiling infants, cheer and gladden

gladden every hour; even when he is abroad her days are not melancholy: music and drawing which used to amuse her tender years continue to be the delight of advancing life, and the education of her children fills up every more serious interval; they do not fly from society, nor do they court it; their life is considered by their neighbours as stupid—by their friends as pitiable; nor can folly be persuaded that the reluctance of each to enter into larger society, does not proceed from involuntary compliance with the whim of the other, while they do but smile and persist in their system of happiness.

Such are some of the ingredients of happiness in marriage which seem to me to have been either disregarded or less noticed than they ought to be; but undoubtedly the two principal are still to be mentioned and have often been the topic of the essayist, I mean good temper and religious education. If a man were obliged to choose between good temper and good sense, I have no doubt that more happiness would accompany the former; it is very true that the latter is a great aid to the former and means of it, and that good understanding may correct even natural bad humour: but if a sensible woman should be froward and peevish, what talents, what abilities could compensate to the wearied husband for the frowns which meet his return from the labours of the day, the clouds

which brood over the hours properly devoted to rest and recreation?

Without religious principle, permanent happiness evidently cannot be expected: the sacred vow of marriage will not be properly respected, the approach of sickness or loss of beauty will break the feeble bonds not formed by christianity, the parental care will be slightly extended to a neglected offspring and the parental example will complete their ruining.

Among slighter causes the fashionable dissipations of the day contribute their part to infelicity; late hours, broken rest, fatiguing though frivolous amusements, hot rooms, unwholesome air and decoctions of noxious herbs* to produce unnatural hysteric spirits, destroy the health and generate the spleen; and from their abundant offspring of nervous disorders spring whim, caprice and acerbity, while overburdening expence produces mutual reproach and perpetual dissatisfaction.

Did the fair who in very early life shew an immoderate passion for expence, or who forgetting the softness

* Perhaps excess in wine has not been more pernicious to the one sex, than in tea to the other—a pernicious sedative, which in like manner produces temporary spirits, and permanent dejection.

of heir sex, though they preserve their virtue, can scarcely be said to preserve their modesty *, (while they are able with unblushing cheek to stare down the passenger who gazes at their beauty,) know how many thousands have been deterred from marriage by these very circumstances, and how often the ends they court are defeated by the means, what an alteration of manners might it produce; from such conduct it was at Rome that the aversion to marriage encreased to such a degree †, that all the power of the legislature was forced to interfere by reward and punishment both, to prevent the whole nation being extinct or illegitimate.

* The body may be unsullied, nay the mind virtuous, and yet the delicate tints of modesty totally effaced, its exquisite feeling totally blunted.

† Plurimi Romanorum, dici non potest, quantum ab nuptiis abhorreant. Causa hujus rei varia; luxuria matronarum, &c. &c.

The Ladies will easily get this translated.

ON SENSIBILITY.

AMYNTOR AND ZELIDA,

A TRUE STORY.

MR. Hume has made a question, whether sensibility contributes most to happiness or misery. Had Mr. Hume sensibility? How can it be a question to those who are possessed of it? Every lesson of experience will teach them, that its offspring is misery.

Nature had endued Amyntor with a mind uncommonly sanguine from his birth. Whatever he hoped he thought possible, and reason was seldom able to keep pace with the flights of hope. Nothing could equal the charms with which the dawn of this world may be said to have broken upon his view, at the expiration of infancy. Like the morning seen through a light mist, every object was magnified, and imagination wrought
in

in the picture imperfectly beheld, nothing but the colours of beauty on the ground of happiness. While the sun of life was rising, he never thought of being scorched in its meridian, or chilled by its departure. His spirits were only checked by sensibility, and tempered by tenderness, working on a disposition unusually affectionate. The death of both his parents before the age of sixteen, produced a dreadful void in the sphere of his affection, and dried up the channels through which they had flowed.

Misfortune however gave a vigour to his mind, which perhaps it before wanted, and young ambition mixed with the pursuit of pleasure, in some measure filled the vacuity, and made the years of minority pass like a fleeting dream.

But when ardor was a little abated, and pleasure began to cloy, his affections naturally looked abroad for some mind similar to his own, that could love, and feel the joy of reciprocal affection. Long did he gaze at the brighter sex, without meeting any congenial spirit, with whom he thought happiness could be attained, or to whom he hoped to be the instrument of that felicity, whose communication affords a delight known only to those, who have felt the supreme pleasure of making a beloved object happy. Admiration or desire a
thousand

thousand times got transient possession of his breast at the ball, the theatre, or the park. But steady love was so long before it occupied his heart, that at last he began to doubt its existence, and to view the sex with indifference approaching to disgust. Amintor did not then know, that amidst the crowd of females, disgusting by vanity, by folly, by temper, by apathy, there existed superior and angelic beings, hard indeed to be found, and which a man might wander through this wilderness of life to its end without happening to meet, while they often happen on the worst of mortals.

In this state of mind, it was his lot to meet Zelida. The modest reserve of Zelida caused her perfections to be less noticed by fools, and though she possessed a graceful person and most interesting countenance, and would have claimed from any assembly the appellation of a fine woman, conscious dignity of character and unwillingness to protrude the excellencies she possessed left their discovery to observation more keen than that of the common crowd of beaux. Her eyes expressed not merely strength of understanding and suavity of temper, but also an innocent playfulness, hid under natural shyness to strangers, and unaffected modesty. Like the chearful sun behind a summer cloud, discovering in a thousand scattered lights his playful beams.

Amyntor

Amyntor saw, and for the first time, received in his bosom the shafts of love. Yet for a long time he was unconscious of the extent of her perfections, or the existence of his passion; he found himself discontented if he did not see her, and uneasy if she did not attend to him, but thought it only the common effect of agreeable conversation, and gentle manners. But when a longer acquaintance discovered to him the uncommon superiority of her understanding, that happy mixture of mildness and of strength, which was gentle innocence to all around, and yet could repress the impertinence of the coxcomb and the insolence of the rake; and without either laughing at indecency, or affecting not to understand its tendency, could subdue it by the awfulness of virtue without the austerity of prudery*: When he perceived the unchangeable sweetness of her temper,—the junction of all the playfulness of youth with the prudence of maturity.—The mind for which scandal had no charms, and on which smartness did not pass for sense, the thousand other amiable qualities, which concealed from the general world by her modesty, appeared in all their force to his vigilant eye: When he found her, after continued observation, unlike and superior to any woman he had ever seen, a superior

* It was the character of the wife of Lope de Vega, that she was beautiful without artifice, and virtuous without affectation. Such was Zelida.

being, an angelic nature, he began to understand the nature of his sensations; he loved, he admired, and he adored, while similarity of taste and temper made him almost believe that philosophy which teaches that souls are made in pairs, and to imagine he had found the sister being cast by nature in the same mould. He soon became sensible, that union with her would constitute his happiness, and the want of it his misery. Anxiety now occupied his mind, lest her affections might be engaged, or at least by him unattainable. Amyntor possessed not fortune; neither did Zelida; both had received an education adequate to higher rank; the very analogy of their fates was a fresh source of endearment. Anxiety about fortune never occurred to Amyntor; his prospects in life were considerable, but if they had not been so, his passion was too strong to discern any obstacle but her dislike; with trembling lips he discovered to her his sentiments, and was answered by a flood of tears: despair for a moment seized his mind, while he was scarcely able to express his dread that this symptom indicated her heart to be engaged, and if truly interpreted should render him dumb for ever, with whatever consequences to his health or to his peace. With a spirit and understanding superior to disguise, she assured him her emotion was only occasioned by surprize, and spoke approbation in a returning smile of softness inexpressible.

The

The feelings of Amyntor were those of the fluttering spirit unexpectedly admitted to Paradise; he was quickly united to his Zelida and happiness attended their union. Increasing happiness and increasing passion, for every day new instances of affection, and more intimate knowledge of character confirmed and augmented the enthusiasm of love; there was no wish of the one, which the other did not strive to anticipate, and respect for each others understandings prompted attention to each others opinions. Unbounded love was the parent of eternal peace, while unbounded friendship communicated every hope and fear. A beautiful child cemented their union, and they mutually gazed with tenderness ineffable on the fruit of virtuous love. Often did Zelida say, it is impossible to add to my happiness, and often did she observe with delight the instances of still increasing passion in her consort. They laughed at the foolish opinions of the world, that those united in the marriage state must be tired of each other, and though in company they carefully avoided that laboured fondness which disgusts, yet a penetrating eye might easily see, by certain unaffected attentions, and the mode in which little services were done, that they still were lovers.

Two years had rolled in smiling round over their uninterrupted bliss, when one day during an evening ride, while the setting sun with gentle soothing light illumined

the adjacent regions, Zelida passionately exclaimed, "Do you believe that sun which seems to smile upon our felicity, ever beheld beings more happy." On that day se'ennight the sun irradiated the firmament with equal lustre, but saw no more the form of Zelida: she had vanished from the face of the earth, and was as those who have never been: Dost thou start who reade'st the tale? Think then what sudden, what unmeasurable misery agonized the heart of him who adored her. Dumb astonishment at first rendered him almost stupidly insensible, but when racking torture roused him from that torpid state, if imagination can conceive the heart taken out and torn asunder while its miserable owner still survives, then allowing for the superiority of mental torment, it may form some conception of his sufferings. He awoke as from a charming dream—a dream of long long happiness to come, while many a year should glide away in peace and love. The ground had slipped from beneath his feet, and he saw nothing but an abyss in which he was to sink for ever; that his unlimited joys should have vanished in a moment he could not believe; it was a dream, a thing impossible: In the still hours of darkness he raved of her: Each morn when his broken slumbers ceased he called on Zelida, and was surprized to hear no answer; full oft in sleep her form appeared alive and drest in smiles, he grasped the vision, and agitated woke to truth and misery, exclaiming, "Merciful

ful heaven! why this ideal return of bliss, to add fresh stings to anguish and superadded torture?" Sullen despair seized his soul; the madness of grief succeeded; the sight of that dear resemblance she had left behind her, her infant, her very image, made him frantic. He haunted her favourite walks; he reclined in dreadful recollection on the seat where first he told his love; he traversed the lonesome rooms where in reading and conversation so many happy hours had glided away, or threw himself in agony on that bed where peace and happiness had reposed. He stole in the dead of night when none could observe to Zelida's grave; he bedewed it with his tears; he considered it as his only home; he talked to her in phrenzy as if she breathed; he used the same expressions, the same epithets of playful tenderness to which she had been accustomed; to thee I come, he cried, my Zelida, while others fly to parties and to pleasure, I come to thee with heartful though dreadful satisfaction, for what charms can I find in living society? I love thee still; I swore I would ever love thee,—I will; my vow, my love is sacred; soon shall I come again to thy chamber; how different from that which we have known, the chamber of death.

Some months after her decease a vault was made, he descended into it, he kissed the coffin and strewed it with roses; alone and in the vault with Zelida, hereafter to be their common chamber, in dreadful contrast

to

to that apartment of happiness in which he had been once accustomed to meet her, what tongue can express his feelings? They shook his health and well nigh put an immediate period to his life.

Concern for his beloved child at length roused him from his lethargy, and time the great physician, allowed reason to operate; the violence of his distraction melted into tender but never ceasing remembrance. When nine long years had quieted the storm which raged in his bosom, his natural turn for domestic life, and impatience of the gloom of solitude made him gradually entertain a wish of having once more a home. But what were the events of his future life I never could learn, nor is it material to my present object, which is only to shew the misery of exquisite feeling.

Whatever was his ultimate fate, his sufferings were owing to sensibility; had his heart been made of more rugged materials, though he might not have felt exquisite pleasure, he would not have been wretched. He would have gone through life like the common race of mortals, not coveting happiness which he would never have known to exist, and indifferent to every circumstance but such as interrupted his amusements, or affected his income.

ON THE
UNWILLINGNESS OF MANKIND

TO BELIEVE THEMSELVES OLD

*My form alas! has long forgot to please,
The days of beauty and delight are o'er.*

ROWE'S *Jane Shore*.

THIS bitter confession proceeded from the sex peculiarly framed to pride itself in beauty of form. But acknowledgment of age is unpalatable even to man. This aversion is usually imputed to vanity, yet it does not always proceed from vanity, but often from want of consciousness. The mind does not grow old by equal steps with the body. The span of life is so short, that to strong memory and lively imagination every part of it may be said to be present. The spirits of infancy, and the animated scenes of youth seem but of yesterday. The person who is now shoved off the stage, has in fresh remembrance his being considered as a child—recollects himself repressed and neglected by the senior
part

part of the company, and cannot believe that in a space to him apparently so short, he can have occupied the place of those who despised his youth; his spirits perhaps are good—his health not impaired, his soul is young, and he will not credit the decay of the body. Much stronger must the deception be with the softer sex, whose reign of fashion and admiration seldom exceeds the trifling period of ten years at most. The passage is too short, the voyage too pleasant, to let them listen to the pilot time, announcing that the gale of adulation has ceased to blow, that the tide of pleasure and admiration has subsided, and left the vessel far on shore.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

COLLEGES.

IN these thoughts on Colleges I may be thought by many to have taken too great liberties *, but let me be excused for entertaining doubts whether the same books should be read indiscriminately by all young men, since that opinion originated in observation of the advantages which have attended a power vested in tutors of putting into the hands of a future Statesman—of an intended farmer—of a designated officer—or of an *élève* for the church or the bar, books best suited to each as to practical knowledge. Why should not a man be taught what will be most useful to him in future life, and is it not in search of that, that

* With respect to the College of Dublin in particular, I do not presume to find faults, but to suggest some improvements; if what I have mentioned are deficiencies, they are so in the original institution and not imputable to any man living, nor amendable by the body itself; to find faults would be too presuming,—to suggest what he may suppose improvements I conceive is the right of any one, and perfectly consistent with love and gratitude; it is impossible for me to admire any institution more.

he often flies from Colleges to Academics, though the Collegiate teacher would, (as being much more deeply rooted in theory, than the Master of any Academy) with a little attention to practice which he now hardly thinks of, be much more capable of teaching him. With respect to Classical learning, the University to which I have so often alluded, stands in the highest light as to solid substantial Classical knowledge, as well as in every branch of Science, and has of late years encouraged composition by large and liberal annual grants. Yet I hope I may be forgiven for saying, that a little more attention to *taste* and *criticism* in languages, to something more than bare translation, however just or however elegant that translation may be, is admissible still; * and in leaning a little to Classical Studies where no particular intended profession gives a preference to others, let me be justified, by an observation of Dr. Johnsons in his life of Milton, well worthy of attention. " Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one man " may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill " in Hydrostaticks or Astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Those authors therefore are to be read that " supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and " most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by " Poets, Orators, and Historians.

I cannot dismiss this subject without noticing the threadbare and idle

* Among smaller circumstances Profody now begins to be much attended to Ireland, the neglect of which often made the really good substantial scholar appear ignorant and ridiculous, but it is much to be lamented that the statutable injunction to speak only Latin in the College Hall, is much neglected, in consequence of which the rising generation even of teachers will perhaps be scarcely able to speak it at all; and give me leave to say that no man thoroughly understands a language who cannot speak it, even though it should follow that very few men indeed, understand Greek.

abuse

abuse of the College of Dublin, in styling it the Silent Sister; the number of eminent men who will issue from, and the number of publications which will be produced by a University, may be expected to be in some proportion to its numbers. The number of Fellows at Oxford is 800, in Dublin 22, the greater part of whom are busy and laborious tutors, until the decline of life. Now in this proportion, and considering how little encouragement comparatively has been given by Government to literature in this country, is the charge just against a College from which issued Usher, Molyneux, Congreve, Farquhar, Swift, Goldsmith, and Burke, and let me add, though not an author, one of the greatest encouragers of science that ever was in this kingdom, the present Speaker, and among whose Fellows we find such writers as Berkley, Hellsam, Delany, Lawson, Sullivan, Leland, and Hamilton; and such learned men as Dr. Forfayeth*, the present Provost, Dr. Wilson, Dr. M. Kearney, &c. &c. Among our ex-Fellows were I to speak of the labours and publications of Dr. Hales in proportion to their desert, it might be imputed to my known affection for my very dear friend; the world will some time or other do justice to his sterling merit, and particularly thank him for his attention to the study of the Scriptures. The labours of another learned and eminent gentleman, Dr. Stock, formerly a Fellow and now Bishop of Killalla, are well known and admired. Among those still in the College, Dr. Young, Dr. Fitzgerald, Dr. Elrington, have justly acquired considerable fame by publication, and a crowd of younger men have proved power of composition and profundity of erudition in detached Sermons or smaller essays. It must be owned the members of that College were retarded by diffidence or false fastidiousness, and fear of exposing themselves to censure; they were too apt to wrap

* What pity that my patron and my friend, whose universal learning and great abilities are so well known, left no written memorials of them corrected for publication.

NOTES.

themselves in the safe and proud criticism of conversation, without venturing to write; that diffidence is wearing off, and they are beginning to learn that where none will venture none can succeed.

NOTE TO PAGE 50.

ROBESPIERRE actually proposed the destruction of all ancient books.

NOTE TO PAGE 59.

I REALLY think the English form of government, in its purity, the best imaginable, and I love monarchy as the best and pleasantest form of government; republics are sour and austere, and oligarchy is abominable.

NOTE TO THE ESSAY ON FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

THE best *description* of genius to please me is that of the character of Themistocles, given by Thucydides. "He was highly distinguished
" above the bulk of mankind,—could give the best advice upon sudden
" emergencies with the least hesitation, and was happy in his con-
" jectures about the future,—whatever he undertook he was able to
" accomplish, and wherein he was quite unexperienced, he had so
" prompt a discernment that he never was mistaken; in a matter of
" ambiguity, he foresaw with extraordinary acuteness the better and
" the worse side of the question; upon the whole, by the force of natu-
" ral genius, he was most quick at all expedients, and at the same time
" excellent

"excellent beyond competition at declaring instantly the most adviseable way of acting upon every occurrence." Thucydides, lib. i. ἡ γὰρ ἐθιμογενὴς βελτίονα, &c. &c. is not this character most wonderfully applicable to a certain great man in England? to my surprise the *pursuits of literature* have applied it to another.

NOTE TO THE ESSAY ON DR. JOHNSON'S CHARACTER.

DR. JOHNSON'S vanity is well known,—but I did not think it would have led him to imposition till I heard the following anecdote from Mr. Antonio Vieyra a man of veracity, the late ingenious professor of the Spanish and Italian languages in the University of Dublin. Johnson was asked by some ladies the meaning of the word *Sotbades*, which in the Portuguese language expresses a degree of affection inexpressible in the language of our colder climates, and which occurs, I believe, somewhere in the *Spectator*: Johnson, ignorant of Portuguese—but ashamed to seem ignorant of any thing, immediately undertook to explain it by an English word; Vieyra, a Portuguese by birth, told him he was in error,—he never could forgive Vieyra.

FIRST NOTE TO THE DIALOGUE ON IRELAND.

MR. SADLEIR a very eminent manufacturer in the Cotton branch, who has at some periods employed 1500 persons in the counties of Cork and Tipperary, (I believe I under-rate the number) has assured me, what will appear very strange to common prejudices, that his Irish workmen were more sober than his English or Scotch,—very industrious if you will give them work, and very ingenious; one man learnt to make the stamping blocks merely by looking on—the women were most ingenious,
—I can

—I can add my own testimony as to the industry of Irish labourers in the garden and field. The ferocity and propensity to fight of the people of Ireland I cannot deny; I recollect not long since some Irish recruits marching through Birmingham occasioned a great riot, being asked the cause, their reply was, "we are paid for fighting, and we may fight here as well as any where else;" the reply was ludicrous, but being *paid* is not necessary, it is too characteristic: but is *ferocity* there entirely confined to the common people? of the good humour of the common people, if kindly treated, I can speak in the strongest terms, there is no fulkiness among them—carelessness there is, and inattention to a wonderful degree, and if I may so express it, hurry of ideas. A friend of mine used to tell this anecdote of an Irish sailor; being asked where he had been in his voyages? he replied, "at Cork and Portsmouth;"—no where else? "no,"—are you sure? "why should not I be sure, I was no where else;—O yes, I forgot, I was at Bengal!" whether this oblivion, of so trivial a voyage, proceeded from his national or naval character may be doubtful,—it is characteristic of both. The base flattery of the lower orders in Ireland, generally known by a more vulgar name, may be accounted for by the slavish circumstances of its history: a foreigner once told me that he thought impudence was the characteristic of Ireland—insolence of England,—both were the characters of him for saying so; yet I must own that to interrogate a man about his most private domestic concerns,—to give him unasked advice—to look over the letter he is writing—or step in among a circle of friends whispering upon business are freedoms little known in England, and not altogether uncommon somewhere else*; as to *hauteur* it surely every where depends more upon individual than national character, and France, at least, has no right to accuse England of arrogance.

* I speak not of the highest orders, their manners are in all places nearly alike.

SECOND NOTE TO THE DIALOGUE ON IRELAND.

OF the politics of Ireland in its present state I do not wish to say any thing, my public opinions have been often given by me in Parliament, and there only I wish to give them,—I trust and I know that they are congenial to the warmest attachment to my King and to the Constitution which I feel from my heart; suffice it at present to say, that if the people have at any time real causes of complaint, they never can be redressed, while instead of relying on constitutional means and the aid of good men in the houses of Parliament, who love the King and Constitution, they put themselves under factious leaders without doors who regard neither, and while the mob are just as busy in decrying real patriots, because they do not enter into their violence, as any other set of men are. Indeed from all that I have seen of Ireland, and from a view of all ranks of men in it, I much fear that it is a country totally incapable of that rational liberty which England enjoys, and I must add my belief, that there is scarce any country in Europe in which there is less encouragement for public virtue, or in which a man who really and disinterestedly has wished well to it is in more danger after a length of fruitless exertions, of falling into a total apathy about public affairs, and if he has any pretensions to do so, of wishing to consider himself at last merely as an English colonist and a spectator, though not an uninterested one, however anxious he may be for a time to stile himself an Irishman or to support the honor of Ireland!

NOTE TO THE TALE OF AMYNTOR AND ZELIDA.

THE lady here alluded to was possessed of the most uncommon virtues;—with a soul the most elevated and refined, was combined the
most

most angelic softness; to a temper perpetually serene and unruffled, was joined the strongest understanding and the most affectionate heart, and therefore though no one ever saw her out of humour, it proceeded not from apathy but intrinsic goodness; with the innocence and the playfulness of a girl, was united a conscious dignity which checked all improper freedom; her acquaintance with books was considerable, and her observation of human nature acute, yet an expression of ill nature or scandal never was known to proceed from her lips; she had all the perfections of her sex, without any of that fretfulness, that folly, that bitterness, that vanity which too often alloy them, and the whole was set off by a fine person and a most interesting countenance, yet her modesty prevented these excellencies from being much known except to the little circle immediately around her, and death before the age of twenty-three extinguished her virtues which the world would at length have known and must have admired. But what avail these effusions save to gratify the internal feelings of the writer, and to indulge him in doing that justice which he thinks due to her memory as she did not live to make *herself* known, and asks the tongue of another while she is dumb in death; to the reader they must be uninteresting or appear like most other pictures of human excellence similar to those general descriptions of landscape, which though very clear in the mind of the describer, convey no specific notion to his auditor; he therefore must be contented with the pleasing though melancholy self-consciousness of having possessed one unlike to any other mortal, in the delightful phrenzy of almost imagining she was some angel who had assumed an human form, and with exclaiming in the beautiful language which he took from the Leafowes, to inscribe on her tomb,

Heu

Quanto minus est,

cum aliis versari

Quam tui meminisse!

END OF VOL. I.

E R R A T A.

Page 4 line 15, dele the word *best*.

— 7 line 12, insert *of* after the word *some*.

— 18 last line but four, for *hear me read* read *this essay*.

— 74 line 3, for *Right of Things* read *Rights of Things*.

— 126 line 16, after grief there should *not* be any note
of interrogation.

E R A T A

Page 4 line 15, delete the word "and"
"line 1" insert "the word "and"
"line 18" delete the word "and" and insert "the word"
"line 2" for "line 18" read "line 18"
"line 18" delete the word "and" and insert "the word"
of investigation.